The Doomsday Quatrain

A four-part adventure by Emma Beeby & Gordon Rennie

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

THE DOCTOR: SYLVESTER McCOY
Time Lord and traveller.

NOSTRADAMUS/ CONCLAVE LEADER:
[M, 50s] French seer and prophet, currently resident in Renaissance Florence. Something of a conman, but now tortured by powerful visions of some impending and very real apocalypse./ Senior crocodilian Kro, wily and ambitious.

BRORS/ CAPTAIN OF THE GUARD:
[M, 40s] Senior scientist belonging to Poldagon alien race, aloof and secretive./ Commander of the Duke of Medici's Florentine Guard.

GARILUND:
[F, 20s] Research scientist working for Brors. Conscientious, driven. Concerned about ethical issues relating to Brors' work.

KREN:
[M, early 20s] Junior scientist working for Brors, and secretly in love with Garilund.

LARRETT/ MILO:
[M, late 20s] Junior research scientist working for Brors, and member of Poldagon alien race. Obsequious and ambitious./ Nostradamus's servant.

FIRST NUNCIO/ COMPUTER VOICE:
Brutal and aggressive alien Kro./ Voice of Control, the Poldagon science facility computer.

SECOND NUNCIO/ BERNARDO:
As First Nuncio (which he becomes)./ Florentine market trader.

OTHER ROLES: (to be played by members of the cast)

3 x HAWKERS; MADMAN; MAN IN CROWD; WOMAN IN CROWD; KRO GUARD; SOLDIER; SECURITY GUARD; LONG-SNOUT KRO; SURVIVORS.

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PART ONE

SCENE 1: INT. STAIRCASE/LANDING/BEDROOM

NOSTRADAMUS:
(OFF, UPSTAIRS) (GROANS, GIBBERS, HAVING NIGHTMARE, THROUGH:)

MILO:
(FX: RUNNING UPSTAIRS) Master! Master Nostradamus!

(FX: CROSSES LANDING, OPENS DOOR)

MILO:
Not again…! (FX: RUSHES TO BEDSIDE; SHAKES NOSTRADAMUS) Wake up! Master Nostradamus! Please, wake up!

NOSTRADAMUS:
(COMES TO, PANTING, CONFUSED) The sea. I saw… the sea.

MILO:
A nightmare, master. Only a nightmare. Here, have some wine. —

(FX: WINE POURED FROM BEDSIDE JUG)

NOSTRADAMUS:
No, Milo. Not a nightmare… and wine is not what I need! (FX: DASHES AWAY WINE CUP) Parchment and quill! There, on the desk! (FX: MILO'S FOOTSTEPS ACROSS ROOM AND BACK) Hurry, boy! Hurry!

MILO:
Here, master. —

(FX: FRANTIC SCRATCHING OF QUILL PEN ON PARCHMENT)

NOSTRADAMUS:
(WHISPERING) All falls… into a grey and endless sea.

MILO:
The same vision again, master?

NOSTRADAMUS:
Yes, and no. I see how it ends now.

MILO:
How what ends, master?

NOSTRADAMUS:
Everything. The world. It's already begun.

(MUSIC: OPENING THEME)

SCENE 2: EXT. FLORENCE BACKSTREET/INT. TARDIS CONTROL ROOM

(FX: CROWD BUSTLE OFF. TARDIS MATERIALISES. DOOR OPENS)

DOCTOR:
No, that's not right. Not right at all.

(FX: DOOR BANGS SHUT, CUTTING OUT EXT NOISE. FOLLOW DOCTOR AS HE CROSSES TO TV MOVIE CONSOLE)

DOCTOR:
(FX: BLEEPS ETC) Let's try that again, shall we? (FX: DEMATERIALISATION BEGINS OVER) Planet Celdor… here we come.

(FX: BEAT. MATERIALISATION)

DOCTOR:
Good. (FX: PATS CONSOLE) Much better.

(FX: FOOTSTEPS TO DOOR. DOOR OPENS. CROWD BUSTLE AS BEFORE)

DOCTOR:
(SIGHS) Apparently not.

(FX: DOOR CLOSES, FOOTSTEPS. DECISIVE THUNK ON TARDIS CONSOLE)

DOCTOR:
You know, I thought we'd agreed not to do this anymore.

(FX: MORE THUNKS AND BLEEPS)

DOCTOR:
No, no, no. I know what the instrumentation says, but it's not Celdor, is it? Look outside! (SIGHS) Very well. Be that way. (FX: WALKING BACK TO DOOR) I ask for Celdor, you give me…

(FX: OPENS DOOR. CROWD BUSTLE. DISTANT CHIMES OF BELL TOWER)

DOCTOR:
(SNIFFS AIR) Yes, the rising whiff of artistic and intellectual renaissance. Florence. No later than 1560, I'd guess. Best leave the umbrella.

(FX: CLATTER OF UMBRELLA BEING THROWN INTO TARDIS)

DOCTOR:
(TO TARDIS) And you'd better be feeling more co-operative when I return!

(FX: TARDIS DOOR CLOSES. CROSSFADE TO:)

SCENE 3: EXT. MARKET SQUARE

(FX: BUSY MARKET CROWDS. SQUAWKING CHICKENS ETC)

BERNARDO:
The finest fashions! Silks and feathers! As worn by Catherine de Medici herself, and may the Plague catch me if I tell a lie!

3 x HAWKERS:
Fish! I got fish! It ain't fresh, but it's all there is!/
Spices! Oriental spices! Stop that fish from stinking!/
Knives! Knives to grind! [ETC]

(FX: CALLS CONTINUE SPORADICALLY UNDER:)

NOSTRADAMUS:
(FX: WALKING PAST, QUICKLY) Not today! No, no, no!

GARILUND:
(APPROACHING FROM OFF) Master Nostradamus?

NOSTRADAMUS:
I said, not today! I'm in a hurry! —

GARILUND:
Please! Master Nostradamus, it's Lady Garilund. Don't you remember me from yesterday?

NOSTRADAMUS:
(STOPPING) My dear Lady Garilund, I apologise. I thought you might have been one of my, shall we say, more enthusiastic followers. Are you well? Managed to find a husband since yesterday?

GARILUND:
Not as yet. I was wondering if I might ask you about your prophecies. I've been reading them.

NOSTRADAMUS:
I see. Not a relative of the Duke of Medici, are you?

GARILUND:
No, why?

NOSTRADAMUS:
He is always sending people to ask me about my prophecies, and they're usually carrying weapons.

GARILUND:
Why? What did you do?

NOSTRADAMUS:
I predicted his death. He disapproved.

GARILUND:
I was just wondering, how do they come to you? Your prophecies? Do you get headaches, fits, nightmares, anything like that?

NOSTRADAMUS:
Sometimes. That's a very strange question, my dear.

GARILUND:
(FX: UNFURLING PAPERS) What happened when you made *this* prophecy? (READING) 'When the river is gone, ships shall sail in the sky, monsters bring fire from the heavens. All will fall into a grey and endless sea, and Doomsday has come.'

NOSTRADAMUS:
One hundred quatrains in there… and you ask me about that one.

GARILUND:
These monsters, what did they look like?

NOSTRADAMUS:
(TRYING TO DEPART) My Lady, I have no time for this just now…

GARILUND:
(BLOCKING HIM) Please, tell me! What did you see?

NOSTRADAMUS:
I have to go home. I have appointments to keep.

GARILUND:
The monsters, they were like walking crocodiles, weren't they?

NOSTRADAMUS:
If they were, they were merely the product of bad wine and ill vapours.

GARILUND:
You know. You know what's happening!

NOSTRADAMUS:
Good day to you, my lady. (SETS OFF, WALKING FAST)

GARILUND:
(CALLING AFTER) Please, wait! I can help! (TO SELF) I can save you…

SCENE 4: INT. KRO CONCLAVE WARSHIP

(FX: HEAVY DOORS GRIND OPEN)

KRO GUARD:
(ANNOUNCING) Blueskin leader here, Honoured Nuncio.

FIRST NUNCIO:
Bring him in. In!

BRORS:
(ENTERING) Thank you. (TO FIRST NUNCIO) Honoured Nuncio of the First Spear, I come with news… (BREAKS OFF) Forgive me, you appear different from the last time we spoke.

FIRST NUNCIO:
My predecessor. Command Conclave displeased at her failure in fee negotiations. I previously Second Spear Nuncio, now First Spear.

BRORS:
I see. Well, I am Chief Administrator Brors, head of the Poldagon [science facility] —

FIRST NUNCIO:
I know. Am fully up to date on situation, after ingesting brain-meat and memories of predecessor.

BRORS:
Oh. How thorough. —

KRO GUARD:
Say what you came to say!

BRORS:
Yes, of course. We expect the test zone to be ready on schedule.

FIRST NUNCIO:
And you lower fee?

BRORS:
My apologies, I already lowered the fee for your predecessor —

FIRST NUNCIO:
Scans show test zone incomplete! Kro dishonoured. Kro demand new fee.

BRORS:
Some fluid mass is still processing, but we are confident that it will be complete in time.

FIRST NUNCIO:
Proposition not acceptable.

BRORS:
Your troops will have the battle experience that was agreed. As Chief Administrator, I give my word. All of the test zone, and life forms on it, are the property of Kro, for the duration of the operation, to do with as they wish.

FIRST NUNCIO:
(GROWLS, MULLING THIS OVER) Proposition acceptable. Leave now.

BRORS:
Thank you, Honoured Nuncio.

(FX: WALKS; WE FOLLOW HIM INTO CORRIDOR)

(FX: HEAVY DOORS CLOSE BEHIND BRORS)

BRORS:
Overgrown lizards. (FX: OPENS COM-PORT, RADIO HISS) Facilitator Kren?

KREN:
(ON RADIO) Kren here, Chief Administrator.

BRORS:
Ready to port back now. Is everything ready for the start of the operation? It has to go like clockwork!

KREN:
(ON RADIO) Sir, there may be a problem.

BRORS:
Let me guess, our Second Researcher isn't back yet?

KREN:
(ON RADIO) No, sir. She's still pursuing her test subject, sir.

BRORS:
(SIGHS) Very well. Lock on and port me to her current location. I'll try and talk some sense into her.

SCENE 5: INT. NOSTRADAMUS' HOUSE

(FX: INSISTENT KNOCKING ON FRONT DOOR)

MILO:
(BUSTLING UP) Coming, I'm coming —

(FX: DOOR OPENS, STREET SOUNDS FROM OUTSIDE)

MILO:
(SURPRISED) Master Nostradamus? But you are home so soon —

NOSTRADAMUS:
(RUSHING IN, BREATHLESS) Close the door, Milo. Hurry, hurry!

(FX: DOOR CLOSED)

MILO:
Oh, but you are exhausted. Please, come settle yourself down. —

(FX: INSISTENT KNOCKING AT DOOR)

GARILUND:
(FX: FROM OUTSIDE) Master Nostradamus! Please!

MILO:
But — isn't that…?

NOSTRADAMUS:
The Lady Garilund, yes. I'm not here!

MILO:
What happened?

NOSTRADAMUS:
She wants to know all about my prophecy. So many questions.

MILO:
About which prophecy, master?

NOSTRADAMUS:
The prophecy!

GARILUND:
(FX: MORE KNOCKING) Just a few more questions. That's all!

NOSTRADAMUS:
Get rid of her, Milo. I wish to retire upstairs. No visitors!

MILO:
Yes, master.

NOSTRADAMUS:
(WALKING UPSTAIRS) Not unless they're people with coin, and a willingness to spend it. Wealthy widows, foreign travellers. No riff-raff, no pregnant peasant girls without the patience to wait a few months to know if it's a boy…

(FX: CROSS TO:)

SCENE 6: EXT. NOSTRADAMUS' HOUSE

GARILUND:
(FX: KNOCKING ON DOOR) It won't take long. I promise-! (FX: DOOR CREAKS OPEN) Oh, at last –

MILO:
Lady Garilund.

GARILUND:
Milo. Let me in, I must speak with him.

MILO:
Master Nostradamus is currently unable to receive visitors.

GARILUND:
You mean he doesn't want to see me. You have to make him understand, I must speak to him immediately!

MILO:
I am to convey to you that Master Nostradamus thanks you for your continued interest in his work, but respectfully asks that you do not return.

GARILUND:
I must see him! Let me by!

MILO:
I'm sorry, my lady. Good day to you.

(FX: DOOR CLOSES)

GARILUND:
You don't understand. There's no time! (FX: COM-PORT ACTIVATED, RADIO HISS) This is Second Researcher Garilund, I need to speak to Chief Administrator Brors urgently. I think I've found the proof I need, but… (FX: STATIC, TOO-FAINT VOICE ON RADIO) What? I can't hear you. (FX: STATIC, TOO FAINT VOICE ON RADIO) What? Brors is *here*? Where? (FX: STATIC, TOO-FAINT VOICE ON RADIO) Okay, I'm on my way. Garilund out.

SCENE 7: EXT. MARKET SQUARE

(FX: MARKET BUSTLE AS BEFORE)

BERNARDO:
(CALLING OUT) The finest silks! Fit for a duke! … (TO DOCTOR) Ah, a foreign gentleman, I see. You are a guest in Florence?

DOCTOR:
A guest, yes. Always a guest, never a host. Or something like that.

BERNARDO:
My name is Bernardo. As you can see from my stall, I have the best cloth in all Florence! I can tell by the cut of your clothes, you are a traveller. I've never seen cloth so… exotic in my trade.

DOCTOR:
Oh, thank you. I think.

BERNARDO:
On your tunic, are these the symbol of your state?

DOCTOR:
Of my state of mind, perhaps. Confused.

MADMAN:
(RANTING TO CROWDS, OFF) It is a sign, I tell you! A portent! I hear word, the same has happened in Siena! It is the end! The end of all the world!

DOCTOR:
(TO HIMSELF) Interesting.

BERNARDO:
Pay no heed, sir. The streets are full of lunatics, since the river vanished.

DOCTOR:
The river-? That is unusual. Does anyone know the cause?

BERNARDO:
The Medicis blame the Albizzis. The Albizzis blame the Venetians – no change there – but I hear the Venetians are too busy wading through the mud between their islands now to notice.

DOCTOR:
(TO SELF) Venice without its canals, but the TARDIS brings me to Florence. Typical. (TO BERNARDO) When did all this start?

BERNARDO:
Only yesterday. If you are going to Venice, I have the very latest in Venetian fashion here. —

(FX: RUSTLING OF MATERIAL AND BOXES)

DOCTOR:
That won't be necessary. I don't think feathers are really me.

MADMAN:
(OFF) I warn you, the doomsday is coming! Just as Nostradamus foretold!

DOCTOR:
(TO SELF) Nostradamus, eh?

BERNARDO:
You know him, sir?

DOCTOR:
Not really, but his wife once knitted me a rather fetching scarf. Or will. So what's he predicted this time?

BERNARDO:
Some nonsense about flying ships in the sky, talking crocodiles, the world ending and so on. You know how seers are. If you ask me, the city guard should lock them all up.

GARILUND:
(FX: APPROACHING FROM OFF, PUSHING THROUGH CROWD) Excuse me… sorry…

DOCTOR:
Yes, that's usually what happens with anyone saying things people don't want to hear. Good day to you, [Bernardo —]

GARILUND:
(JOSTLES INTO DOCTOR) Oh! I beg your pardon, sir.

DOCTOR:
Not at all. My fault entirely.

GARILUND:
No matter. I must be going. — (MOVES OFF)

DOCTOR:
Now there's a lady in a hurry.

BERNARDO:
The Lady Garilund, sir. A visitor, like yourself. Bit of an odd one, she is.

DOCTOR:
More than you think.

BERNARDO:
Been pestering Nostradamus, they say. Probably wants her fortune told, or to learn the name of her future husband. You know how young women are.

DOCTOR:
Nostradamus again. Excuse me, Bernardo. (MOVES AWAY)

BERNARDO:
(CALLING AFTER HIM) Wait! Are you sure I can't sell you a hat?

DOCTOR:
(CALLING BACK) Sorry, must dash. Have to see a man about the end of the world!

(FX: CROSS TO:)

SCENE 8: EXT. FLORENCE BACKSTREET

(FX: CROWD BUSTLE OFF)

BRORS:
(LOUD HISS) Garilund! Here! Over here!

GARILUND:
(APPROACHING) Chief Administrator Brors? I wasn't sure I'd recognise you —

BRORS:
(INTERRUPTING) With my Hologuise on? Don't be foolish, Second Researcher. You should know the pitch frequency only affects the brains of lesser life-forms. We Poldagons are hardly that.

GARILUND:
Sir, I know you're going to tell me to return. I know I've been here over schedule, but [the thing is…]

BRORS:
Your time is up, Second Researcher. The operation starts in less than half a day cycle.

GARILUND:
[…] The thing is…

BRORS:
We've discussed this. I can't understand why you continue to pursue this foolish notion.

GARILUND:
With, respect, if you read my paper—

BRORS:
I have read your paper. Your propositions were well presented, but ultimately flawed.

GARILUND:
But I've found new data to support my theory. Please, sir, I just need more time.

BRORS:
What kind of data?

GARILUND:
An individual among the general population. One who exhibits abilities not previously seen in this species.

BRORS:
Not 'species', Second Researcher. Bio-units.

GARILUND:
Yes, sir. ‘Among this particular class of bio-units.’ I’ve already forwarded my provisional findings to the Poldagon Science Academy, [and —]

BRORS:
The Science Academy? Why?

GARILUND:
I’ve got a friend there. He thought my theory bore investigation and asked me to send him any new data I found. If he’s convinced, the Academy may inspect the facility themselves.

BRORS:
I see. (BEAT) How much more time do you need?

GARILUND:
One more day-cycle, and I’m sure I can gather evidence to convince you to suspend all operations for the time being.

BRORS:
Very well. Complete your fieldwork. I’ll delay the start of the operation to give you the time you need.

GARILUND:
(SURPRISED) Thank you, Chief Administrator. Thank you!

BRORS:
Just assure me of something. This bio-unit you’ve found, you’re sure it exhibits enough of the criteria to satisfy the Academy’s definitions?

GARILUND:
I am, sir. You won’t be disappointed, once you inspect it for yourself. He- *it* lives not far from here. Maybe I could show you?

BRORS:
No time, I’m afraid. I’ve a lot of work to do, especially since I’ll now have to re-negotiate with the client to get you the time you need.

GARILUND:
Yes, sir. I can’t tell you how much this means to me.

BRORS:
I want you to understand that this has not been an easy decision for me, Garilund. I want you to remember that.

GARILUND:
Yes, sir. I will.

BRORS:
Go and gather your evidence. I look forward to reviewing it in person when we meet again back at the facility.

GARILUND:
Yes, sir. And thank you again! (LEAVES)

BRORS:
(TO HIMSELF) Not an easy decision. I really am sorry, Garilund. Very sorry indeed. (FX: RADIO LINK OPENING UP) Kren? I want you to put me through to the clients.

KREN:
(ON RADIO) A new problem?

BRORS:
Not at all. I've good news for them – we're going to be able to advance the start of the operation, at no extra charge.

KREN:
(ON RADIO) But Second Researcher Garilund –

BRORS:
… is aware of the situation – I saw to that personally – and will return to us with plenty of time to spare. I'm porting back to the facility. I expect everything to be ready on my arrival. Brors out.

(FX: RADIO LINK BROKEN)

SCENE 9: INT. NOSTRADAMUS' HOUSE

(FX: KNOCKING ON FRONT DOOR)

MILO:
Not again-! (BUSTLING UP) (ALOUD) I've told you once, my Lady. (FX: OPENING DOOR) I don't want to have to summon the City Guard, but —

DOCTOR:
Hello. I think you may have been expecting someone else…?

MILO:
My sincerest apologies, sir. How may I assist?

DOCTOR:
I'm told that this is the residence of Michel de Nostredame.

MILO:
Have you come for a reading?

DOCTOR:
In a manner of speaking.

MILO:
You're not a foreign traveller, by any chance?

DOCTOR:
I suppose I am. Why, is that a problem?

MILO:
Not at all, sir. Please, come in.

DOCTOR:
(FX: ENTERS. DOOR CLOSED BEHIND) Might I ask, who were you expecting just now?

MILO:
Master Nostradamus has been receiving some unwanted attention of late. Obsessive types. Won't give him a moment's peace. If you'd just wait here, I shall see if he's free, mister…?

DOCTOR:
Doctor.

MILO:
A man of learning. The master will enjoy that. So difficult for him to find someone on his own level to talk to. (FX: EXITS UPSTAIRS)

DOCTOR:
Yes, I know the feeling.

SCENE 10: INT. POLDAGON LABORATORY

(FX: AMBIENT WHIRRING OF MACHINERY, AND BUBBLING LIQUID)

KREN:
(INTO RADIO) Garilund? It's Kren. Are you receiving me? (FX: RADIO STATIC) Do you copy? Garilund!

(FX: DOOR SLIDES OPEN IN B/G)

KREN:
(TO SELF) Where are you…?

LARRETT:
(APPROACHING FROM OFF) Not still mooning over Garilund, Facilitator Kren?

KREN:
(STARTLED) Oh! Larrett. It's you.

LARRETT:
You are aware the countdown to the start of the operation has begun?

KREN:
Forgive me, Larrett, but you're still just a Third Rank researcher, aren't you?

LARRETT:
For the moment.

KREN:
Right. So I don't actually have to pay much attention to anything you say.

LARRETT:
No need for hostility. I'm merely trying to ensure that the proper protocols are being observed.

KREN:
Which includes ensuring all facility personnel are safely out of the test zone before the operation begins. Which is why I'm trying to ascertain the whereabouts of our Second Researcher.

LARRETT:
You and Garilund. Why not just ask her out to dinner? Once she shoots you down in flames, we'll all be spared your agony.

KREN:
Thank you, Larrett. Please don't let me keep you from whatever vital duties they allocate to Third Rank researchers.

BRORS:
(FROM DOORWAY) Quite right, Kren.

LARRETT:
Chief Administrator Brors!

BRORS:
Hurry along, Third Researcher.

LARRETT:
Yes, sir.

BRORS:
And, er – report to my office, will you, when you have a free moment?

LARRETT:
Of course, sir. (LEAVES)

KREN:
Administrator, I'm experiencing communications problems. I can't raise Second Researcher Garilund.

BRORS:
Yes, I did try telling the clients that there was little point jamming the communications systems of a planet that hasn't yet developed any, but they do seem to be sticklers for tradition.

KREN
Sir…?

BRORS:
(IGNORING HIM) Now, back to your post. The last thing we need now are any hold-ups in the countdown.

KREN:
(MORE FORCEFULLY) Sir. You did warn Second Researcher Garilund that zero-hour had been brought forward?

BRORS:
Of course. I hope you're not implying I'd be so negligent as to expose my staff to danger?

KREN:
Of course not, sir. –

BRORS:
Good.

KREN:
… it's just, I just don't understand why she hasn't returned.

BRORS:
Perhaps she has. Perhaps she came back through a different part of the ComPort net, and hasn't reported for duty yet.

KREN:
Perhaps.

BRORS:
Yes, I'm sure that's what must have happened. This is a rather large facility, and the client's jamming operation may have affected our own internal communications.

KREN:
That's possible, I suppose.

BRORS:
Of course it is. We'll do a facility-wide scan for her… just as soon as the countdown is concluded. Agreed?

KREN:
(RELUCTANTLY) Yes, sir.

BRORS:
Now, onwards. The sooner we get this operation started, the sooner we can bid goodbye to our current clients. (EXITING) Carry on, Kren…

SCENE 11: INT. NOSTRADAMUS' STUDY

(FX: FIRE CRACKLING IN B/G. DOOR OPENS)

MILO:
The Doctor, master.

NOSTRADAMUS:
Very good, Milo. Leave us now.

(FX: DOOR CLOSING)

DOCTOR:
Good morning, Master Nostradamus. (FX: CHAIR SCRAPED BACK) May I…?

NOSTRADAMUS:
Of course, be seated. (BEAT) And what has brought you here today, Doctor?

DOCTOR:
As I explained to your manservant, I'm a traveller –

NOSTRADAMUS:
So very far from home, yes. (BEAT) And so… alone.

DOCTOR:
Most astute. I imagine you say that to all the tourists.

NOSTRADAMUS:
A little obvious, I grant you. But I doubt you are here to talk about your past. The question is – what do you want to know of your future?

DOCTOR:
As little as possible, as a general rule.

NOSTRADAMUS:
(LAUGHS) There is nothing to fear from seeking answers, Doctor. The future is… open-ended.

DOCTOR:
Sometimes.

NOSTRADAMUS:
I have seen through time and space, Doctor. From this very room. I've seen terrible things, wonderful things!

DOCTOR:
And all from your armchair. Impressive.

(FX: UNFURLING PARCHMENT)

NOSTRADAMUS:
Perhaps we can start with a birth chart? The placing of the stars at birth is a telling guide to a man's fate. Where were you born?

DOCTOR:
I don't think you'd know it.

NOSTRADAMUS:
Try me, Doctor.

DOCTOR:
Gallifrey.

NOSTRADAMUS:
Charming place. South of France, yes?

DOCTOR:
Not exactly.

NOSTRADAMUS:
Well, not exactly south. On the way, though, yes?

DOCTOR:
Perhaps astrology isn't appropriate, in my case.

NOSTRADAMUS:
Doctor, if you don't want to know your future, and you don't want an astrological reading, what do you want to know?

DOCTOR:
Just one thing. I'd like to know how the world will end.

SCENE 12: EXT. NOSTRADAMUS' HOUSE

(FX: STREET BUSTLE OFF. RADIO LINK ACTIVATED, HISS OF STATIC.)

GARILUND:
(SOTTO, INTO RADIO) Kren? It's Garilund again. Can you hear me? I'm going to assume you can, and it's just me who's not receiving. (BEAT) I've decided – there's too much at stake. I've got to get my research subject out of here, before the clients arrive. I know Brors will fire me – breach of research protocol and unauthorised intervention in an ongoing operation – but I really don't care. Wish me luck… (RUMMAGES IN HER CLOTHING) Oh, and –

(FX: TRIGGER SWITCH ACTIVATED, ENERGY WEAPON POWERING UP)

I listened to what you said, about not going into the test zone unprotected. Type three energy pistol. Single power setting, stun only. Okay, here I –

(FX: HEAVY FOOTSTEPS COMING UP STREET, CLANK OF WEAPONS AND ARMOUR)

CAPTAIN OF THE GUARD:
(LOUDLY) Make way! In the name of his Lordship the Duke of Medici, make way for the City Guard!

GARILUND:
(INTO RADIO) I'm too late! They're coming for Nostradamus!

SCENE 13: INT. NOSTRADAMUS' STUDY

NOSTRADAMUS:
The end of the world? I'm sure it's a long way off, Doctor.

DOCTOR:
There's a man in the market square who say otherwise. And I doubt he's alone.

NOSTRADAMUS:
People are so easily excited.

DOCTOR:
Then you didn't predict that the river would disappear overnight?

NOSTRADAMUS:
They read into my predictions all kinds of things. Why are you so interested, Doctor?

DOCTOR:
Because I've seen the end of the world, and I happen to know that's not due to happen for a few millennia yet.

NOSTRADAMUS:
You are a seer?

DOCTOR:
I saw it because I was there.

NOSTRADAMUS:
Doctor, I must request that you leave now. I am getting… tired.

DOCTOR:
I think you know what is going on. Why won't you tell me?

NOSTRADAMUS:
(RAISES VOICE) Because there's nothing to be done about it.

DOCTOR:
And I thought the future was open-ended.

NOSTRADAMUS:
Not for me.

(FX: KNOCKING ON DOOR DOWNSTAIRS)

MILO:
(DOWNSTAIRS) No, Master Nostradamus is not to be [disturbed!]

(FX: FRONT DOOR CRASHES OPEN, OFF)

CAPTAIN OF THE GUARD:
(MARCHING IN DOWNSTAIRS) Out of the way. We're here on the Duke's business!

(FX: 2 x GUARDS MARCHING UPSTAIRS, FOLLOWING CAPTAIN)

NOSTRADAMUS:
What is the meaning of this commotion?

(FX: DOOR CRASHES OPEN)

CAPTAIN OF THE GUARD:
(ENTERING ROOM) Michel de Nostredame? Also known as the prophet and seer Nostradamus?

NOSTRADAMUS:
I am.

CAPTAIN OF THE GUARD:
You're under arrest, on charges of panic-mongering and the spreading of false prophecies. You men – take him away.

NOSTRADAMUS:
(FX: GRABBED BY GUARDS) This is an outrage!

CAPTAIN OF THE GUARD:
Yeah, yeah.

DOCTOR:
One moment, Captain. The Duke's business, you said. That would be his Lordship the Duke of Medici, correct?

CAPTAIN OF THE GUARD:
(TO DOCTOR) What's it to you? You an acolyte of Nostradamus…?

DOCTOR:
No, no. He was telling me about the future.

CAPTAIN OF THE GUARD:
Then we've saved you your money. The only future Master Nostradamus has is an appointment with the executioner. (TO GUARDS) Right, men – follow me.

SCENE 14: EXT. NOSTRADAMUS' HOUSE

(FX: EXCITED CROWD GATHERED. DOOR OPENS, NOSTRADAMUS DRAGGED OUT)

MAN IN CROWD:
They've got him! Here he comes!

WOMAN IN CROWD:
That'll teach him! [ETC]

NOSTRADAMUS:
(WEAKLY STRUGGLING) Stop! This is all a terrible mistake!

CAPTAIN OF THE GUARD:
Some prophet. If he'd seen this coming, he'd have been out the window long before we got here.

(FX: LAUGHTER FROM GUARDS)

CAPTAIN OF THE GUARD:
(LOUDLY, TO CROWD) Clear the way!

(FX: HEAVY FOOTSTEPS AND CLANKING ARMOUR, RECEDING AWAY)

GARILUND:
(COMING OUT OF HIDING, WHISPERING INTO RADIO) Kren, they've taken my research subject! (HURRYING) I'm following them. I won't be able to use my ComPort – too many witnesses. Tell Brors! Tell him we must save the subject!

(FX: HURRYING FOOTSTEPS, RECEDING)

SCENE 15: INT. BRORS' OFFICE

(FX: KNOCK ON METAL/PLASTIC DOOR)

BRORS:
(SLIGHTLY OFF) Come in!

LARRETT:
(FX: FOLLOW AS HE ENTERS OFFICE) Chief Administrator. You asked me to report to you, when I had a free moment?

BRORS:
Yes, yes, so I did… Second Researcher Larrett.

LARRETT:
Sir, I'm still just a Third Rank Researcher.

BRORS:
Not any more, Second Researcher. Congratulations.

LARRETT:
Thank you, sir. But… what about Second Researcher Garilund?

BRORS:
Always sad to lose a long-term team member… but, er, her mind seems to have been elsewhere recently. I wasn't surprised when she told me she wished to step down from her post.

LARRETT:
She's resigned?

BRORS:
With immediate effect. In fact, I doubt we'll even see her back here after her current field trip is over.

LARRETT:
Thank you this opportunity, sir. You won't regret it.

BRORS:
I'm sure. Oh, and Second Researcher?

LARRETT:
Sir?

BRORS:
Let's keep this between ourselves, for the moment. Garilund was popular with some of the more impressionable members of the team. I wouldn't want any upsets, not at this time.

LARRETT:
Of course, sir. I understand.

SCENE 16: EXT. FLORENCE STREET

(FX: HEAVY FOOTSTEPS, CLANKING ARMOUR)

MAN IN CROWD:
Where are they taking him?

WOMAN IN CROWD:
To the Duke! He's for it now, that Nostradamus!

CAPTAIN OF THE GUARD:
(MARCHING) Make way! Make way for the Guard!

NOSTRADAMUS:
(DRAGGED ALONG) I have done nothing wrong! You cannot treat me like this!

CAPTAIN OF THE GUARD:
Save it for the Duke, soothsayer!

DOCTOR:
(HURRYING UP ALONGSIDE) Captain, if I might intercede…?

CAPTAIN OF THE GUARD:
(STOPPING) You again?!?

DOCTOR:
(STOPPED) Indeed. It concerns your employer, the Duke of Medici. As it happens, I once assisted his great great-grandfather in some bother with the Borgias. As an old friend of the family, if you could get me an audience with the Duke, [then —]

CAPTAIN OF THE GUARD:
Not my province, sir. I'm just carrying out my orders. (ALOUD) Carry on, you men!

DOCTOR:
(ASIDE) Remarkable. No matter which century you're in or what side of the universe you're on, you'll always run into someone who's "just carrying out orders".

NOSTRADAMUS:
(WEAKLY) I see it now! Doctor… I see it! I… (COLLAPSES TO GROUND)

CROWD:
(GASPS OF CONCERN)

CAPTAIN OF THE GUARD:
On your feet, you wretch!

DOCTOR:
Can't you see, this man is ill?

NOSTRADAMUS:
(CONVULSING) I see it! It's happening now! In the heavens… darkness, descending…!

DOCTOR:
He's having some kind of fit. Help me hold him down!

NOSTRADAMUS:
Soon all the earth is wreathed in smoke and fire. The Hungry Ones make sport with all men, and afterwards… *afterwards…*

CAPTAIN OF THE GUARD:
Ah, he's shamming!

DOCTOR:
(STRUGGLING) Help me, man!

NOSTRADAMUS:
… afterwards, a great sea of grey rises to consume all. All of it… the end of everything…

CROWD:
(GASPS OF HORROR)

MAN IN CROWD:
Witchcraft! Witchcraft!

WOMAN IN CROWD:
He's cursing us all!

CAPTAIN OF THE GUARD:
Curses, eh?

DOCTOR:
I see this whole 'Renaissance and Enlightenment' thing still has some way to go. It's not witchcraft, [it's —]

(FX: LOUD ROARING OF SPACESHIP ENGINES OVERHEAD. SCREAMS AND SHOUTS FROM CROWD)

MAN IN CROWD:
The skies! The skies darken!

WOMAN IN CROWD:
Just as the seer predicted!

(FX: LOUDER ROARING SOUND — ENGINES DESCENDING, THROUGH:)

CAPTAIN OF THE GUARD:
What is that noise?

DOCTOR:
Spacecraft engines, by the sound of it.

MAN IN CROWD:
There, in the clouds! The angels of darkness!

WOMAN IN CROWD:
Descending to claim us!

CAPTAIN OF THE GUARD:
(TO DOCTOR) They're right! Darkness, descending!

DOCTOR:
No, those are spacecraft in the upper atmosphere. A great many spacecraft, admittedly…

(FX: BEGINNING OF BOMBARDMENT: 'SHOCK & AWE'! BUILDINGS HIT. CROWD SCREAMS)

CAPTAIN OF THE GUARD:
(FLEEING) Run! Run! The apocalypse is upon us!

(FX: SCREAMS AND SHOUTS, CROWD STAMPEDES IN PANIC. CROSS TO:)

GARILUND:
(INTO RADIO AMONG CROWD) Kren, you there? You've got to get us out of here. The invasion — it's happening right now!

END OF PART ONE

PART TWO

REPRISE:

MAN IN CROWD:
There, in the clouds! The angels of darkness!

WOMAN IN CROWD:
Descending to claim us!

CAPTAIN OF THE GUARD:
(TO DOCTOR) They're right! Darkness, descending!

DOCTOR:
No, those are spacecraft in the upper atmosphere. A great many spacecraft, admittedly…

(FX: BEGINNING OF BOMBARDMENT: 'SHOCK & AWE'! BUILDINGS HIT. CROWD SCREAMS)

CAPTAIN OF THE GUARD:
(FLEEING) Run! Run! The apocalypse is upon us!

(FX: SCREAMS AND SHOUTS, CROWD STAMPEDES IN PANIC. CROSS TO:)

GARILUND:
(INTO RADIO AMONG CROWD) Kren, you there? You've got to get us out of here. The invasion – it's happening right now!

(FX: CROSS BACK TO:)

SCENE 17: EXT. FLORENCE STREET [CONTINUOUS]

(FX: BOMBARDMENT CONTINUES. RUNNING FEET, SHOUTS AND SCREAMS)

NOSTRADAMUS:
(RECOVERING) Doctor…? Is all this really happening? You are not trapped with me in one of my visions?

DOCTOR:
It's all very real, unfortunately.

NOSTRADAMUS:
Then this truly is the end of the world.

DOCTOR:
Not unless someone is rewriting the history books. Come on. If the world really is ending, it would be a pity to miss it by getting trampled to death. (EFFORT – HELPING NOSTRADAMUS UP) Come on. (FX: THEY STAGGER OFF)

SCENE 18: INT. POLDAGON CONTROL ROOM

(FX: AMBIENT HUM OF MACHINERY, COMPUTER CONSOLES)

COMPUTER VOICE:
Surface assault commencing, Administrator.

BRORS:
Thank you, computer. What kind of weapons are they using?

COMPUTER VOICE:
Standard sub-orbital munitions, within pre-agreed power limits.

BRORS:
At the very limits, judging by —

(FX: DISTANT RUMBLE IN SKIES — A THUNDERCRACK BEHIND WINDOW)

BRORS:
There! What was that?

COMPUTER VOICE:
Thermonuclear munitions being deployed, Southern Hemisphere Continent Two.

BRORS:
Couldn't keep their scaly fingers off the nuclear button, could they?

(FX: ANOTHER DISTANT RUMBLE)

BRORS:
Send them an immediate cease and desist, and itemise all damage that exceeds pre-agreed levels. Anything they break, they have to pay for.

SCENE 19: EXT. FLORENCE ALLEY

(FX: OFF – BOMBARDMENT, SCREAMS, PANIC ETC)

DOCTOR:
(STOPPING AGAINST WALL, EXHALING) That's better. Far from the madding crowd. So, where were we?

NOSTRADAMUS:
(EXHALING) Flying vessels in the sky?

DOCTOR:
Ah yes. Alien invasion. End of the world. Business as usual.

NOSTRADAMUS:
(LOOKING OUT OF ALLEY) So many of them. So many…!

DOCTOR:
Definitely warships of some kind. Can't say I recognise the design. Doubtless some species who discovered interstellar travel before they discovered good manners.

(FX: CROSS TO CLOSE BY:)

GARILUND:
(STOPPING, INTO RADIO) Kren, are you there? My ComPort's not working. I can't get out of here!

(FX: CROSS BACK TO:)

NOSTRADAMUS:
Such senseless destruction. Why is this happening?

DOCTOR:
Let's ask someone who knows, shall we? Like the mysterious Lady Garilund, for instance…

SCENE 20: INT. POLDAGON CONTROL ROOM

(FX: DOOR OPENING)

BRORS:
Ah, Kren.

KREN:
Administrator, I'm becoming concerned about Garilund. I've checked almost everywhere, and —

BRORS:
Have you tried the tertiary ComPort area?

KREN:
That's reserved for clients and VIPs only.

BRORS:
And it wouldn't be just like our impetuous young Garilund to use it, for exactly that reason? She has a fondness for bending the rules.

KREN:
Yes, sir. She does.

BRORS:
Why don't you check to see if she ComPorted back there?

KREN:
Thank-you, sir. I will. (LEAVES)

(FX: LOW DISTANT RUMBLE)

BRORS:
Computer, put me through to the clients. They need to realise we didn't build this facility so they could pound it apart.

SCENE 21: EXT. FLORENCE STREET

(FX: EXPLOSIONS, SCREAMS. BOMBARDMENT RECEDING THROUGH:)

GARILUND:
(TO SELF) Why's everything happening ahead of schedule…? (FX: HITTING OF BUTTONS AND COMPORT BLEEPS OF FAILURE) No good. You really can't hear me, can you, Kren?

DOCTOR:
(APPROACHING) Technical trouble?

GARILUND:
What? Who are you?

NOSTRADAMUS:
(BEHIND DOCTOR) A question one might ask of you, 'my Lady'.

GARILUND:
Master Nostradamus! Who is this person?

DOCTOR:
I'm the Doctor. (PATTING POCKETS) And if I can just find my sonic screwdriver… (FINDS IT) Ah!

GARILUND:
(BAFFLED) Sonic-? Wait, what are you doing?

DOCTOR:
Here we go. This isn't going to be very gentlemanly, so I apologise in advance. (FX: ACTIVATES SCREWDRIVER – QUICK BURST) Let's see you as you really are.

GARILUND:
No!

(FX: ELECTRONIC FAILING SOUND OF GARILUND'S HOLOGUISE DEACTIVATING)

GARILUND:
(SHRIEKING AS IF SHE'S BEEN STRIPPED NAKED) My Hologuise!

NOSTRADAMUS:
But – she is blue! Completely blue! What trickery is this?

DOCTOR:
You heard the Lady. A Hologuise.

GARILUND:
I beg you – restore it! Restore it!

DOCTOR:
Of course. (FX: ANOTHER QUICK BURST FROM SCREWDRIVER. HOLOGUISE REACTIVATING) There. Everything back as it was, and no harm done. Well, not much.

GARILUND:
How… how did you do that? My Hologuise is supposed to be foolproof!

DOCTOR:
Yes, it probably is. But I'm no fool. I apologise again, but I had to know who – or rather, what – you were.

NOSTRADAMUS:
And? What is she?

DOCTOR:
A Poldagon. I've never seen one so far from home. Studious types, tend to keep themselves to themselves.

NOSTRADAMUS:
You've seen such creatures before?

DOCTOR:
Secretive, too. Their homeworld's like visiting a library where everything's kept in the restricted section.

GARILUND:
Yes, that sounds like us. Most of us, anyway.

DOCTOR:
You're taller than I remember. Although maybe I was taller when I last met them…

NOSTRADAMUS:
Blue-skinned creatures from other worlds. Flying vessels in the sky. Such wonders!

DOCTOR:
(TO GARILUND) Yes, but those aren't Poldagon ships up there, are they, my Lady? Not unless your technology's a lot less advanced than I remember.

GARILUND:
No, they're Kro ships.

DOCTOR:
The Phalanx of Kro?

GARILUND:
You know them, too?

DOCTOR:
Of them, but… (BEAT) What year is this? 1560? This is all wrong. None of this should be happening!

NOSTRADAMUS:
Why not?

DOCTOR:
Because the Kro won't achieve star flight for another 400 years. Right now, they should be still on their swamp world, fighting it out between long-snouts and short-tails.

(FX: EXPLOSIONS HAVE ENDED BY NOW)

GARILUND:
Listen. The bombardment, it's stopped.

DOCTOR:
Yes…

(FX: SPACECRAFT ENGINES, DESCENDING FURTHER)

DOCTOR:
… only because they're about to land ground troops. (MOVING AWAY) Come on, Michel. Let's go.

NOSTRADAMUS:
To where?

DOCTOR:
To talk to the Kro, and try and get them to stop this. (LEAVES)

GARILUND:
Talk to the Kro? But they're— Hey, wait for me! (LEAVES)

SCENE 22: INT. CORRIDOR IN POLDAGON FACILITY

(FX: KREN WALKING BRISKLY)

LARRETT:
(FX: RUNNING UP BEHIND) Facilitator Kren. If I might-?

KREN:
No time to talk, Larrett. I've got to get to the tertiary ComPort. — (STOPS) Wait, you haven't seen Garilund?

LARRETT:
No. And I'm not expecting to, either.

KREN:
What do you mean?

LARRETT:
Nothing. (GRABBED BY KREN) What are you doing? Let go of me!

KREN:
What did you mean, you're not expecting to see her?

LARRETT:
She - she's only got herself to blame.

KREN:
For what? Where is she?

LARRETT:
Still playing with her beloved bios.

KREN:
What? Then she's in real danger!

LARRETT:
Which is all her own fault. She won't be back. Administrator Brors doesn't think so, either.

KREN:
Why?

LARRETT:
Because he made me Second Researcher.

KREN:
What? (BEAT — THEN RUSHES OFF THE WAY HE CAME)

LARRETT:
(CALLING) Wait. Where are you going? The tertiary ComPort is *that* way!

SCENE 23: INT. POLDAGON CONTROL ROOM

(FX: HUM OF MACHINERY, CONSOLES)

COMPUTER VOICE:
Clients landing ground forces in test zone.

BRORS:
Couldn't wait to get a taste of blood, could they? Oh well, it's their money. (FX: DOOR SLIDES OPEN, BEHIND) If they want to waste it-

KREN:
(ENTERING) You sent her to her death.

BRORS:
(SIGHS) Kren.

KREN:
(FX: DOOR CLOSES AS HE WALKS FORWARD) She's still on the surface!

BRORS:
Garilund knew the risks.

KREN:
What else did you do, Brors? Why isn't her ComPort working?

BRORS:
Are you accusing me? I'd choose my next words carefully, if I were you.

KREN:
Have you even tried to find her?

BRORS:
Computer, send for security.

COMPUTER VOICE:
Yes, Administrator.

KREN:
You haven't, have you? You haven't even tried!

BRORS:
If you continue to disturb the work of the control room, I shall have you demoted. Or arrested. Or both.

KREN:
Computer, who is left on the surface?

COMPUTER VOICE:
Facilitator Kren not authorised to receive test zone data.

KREN:
Ask it the question, Brors!

BRORS:
You really want to hear she's dead from a machine? Very well. Computer, which authorised facility staff remain within the test zone?

COMPUTER VOICE:
Authorised facility staff within the test zone: zero.

BRORS:
I'm sorry, Kren. I did try to warn her.

KREN:
Of course there's no authorised facility staff on the planet, because you'd already revoked her status!

BRORS:
You've had your answer.

KREN:
You're lying. (EXITS) And I'll prove it.

(FX: DOOR SLIDES OPEN, THEN SHUTS)

SCENE 24: EXT. FLORENCE STREET

(FX: HEAVY, DRAGGING FOOTSTEPS. REPTILIAN SNARLING AND HISSING, COMING TOWARD US)

SOLDIER:
Demons!!! San Giovanni preserve us!

(FX: HUMAN ARMOURED FOOTSTEPS, CLANK OF WEAPONS)

CAPTAIN OF THE GUARD:
(APPROACHING FROM OFF) Form up, you men! Pikes at the ready!

(FX: SOUND OF APPROACHING HOSTILE KRO, LOUDER)

SOLDIER:
But, my Captain – these are demons! Demons abroad, in the streets of our City!

CAPTAIN OF THE GUARD:
Stand firm! The Duke demands we [stand firm –]

(FX: KRO ROARS, ENERGY WEAPONS FIRE)

SOLDIER:
(SCREAMS AND DIES)

CAPTAIN OF THE GUARD:
Stand firm! Hold the line!

(FX: MORE BURSTS OF ENERGY; MORE SOLDIERS SCREAM AND DIE)

CAPTAIN OF THE GUARD:
Hold the line! Protect the [Palace –] (STRUCK BY POWERFUL BLOW) Aaaaagh!(FX: FALLS HEAVILY TO THE GROUND)

SECOND NUNCIO:
(SNARLS VICIOUSLY)

CAPTAIN OF THE GUARD:
Please… why are you doing this? Why are you killing us?

SECOND NUNCIO:
Practice.

(FX: LETHAL ENERGY BLAST, LOUD)

CAPTAIN OF THE GUARD:
(SCREAMS AND DIES)

(FX: CROSS TO:)

SCENE 25: EXT. FLORENCE STREET (CLOSE BY) [CONTINUOUS]

NOSTRADAMUS:
(SOTTO) These crocodilians, Doctor! They are the ones I saw in my visions!

DOCTOR:
(SOTTO) The Phalanx of Kro. Four metre-tall thugs armed with a variety of distressingly effective weapons.

GARILUND:
(SOTTO) I thought you wanted to speak to them?

DOCTOR:
(SOTTO) To the command caste, yes. To do that, I have to get to my vessel.

GARILUND:
(SOTTO) What kind of vessel?

DOCTOR:
(SOTTO) Oh, you know. Wooden, oblong, with a flashing light on top. Nothing fancy.

GARILUND:
(SOTTO) Who are you, Doctor? Where are you from?

NOSTRADAMUS:
(SOTTO) Someplace in France. ‘Gallifrey’, wasn’t it?

GARILUND:
(SQUEAKS EXCITEDLY) Gallifrey?!? You’re a Time Lord? And your vessel, it’s a TARDIS, isn’t it?

DOCTOR:
(SOTTO) You Poldagons really are well informed.

NOSTRADAMUS:
(ALOUD) You, too, are from another world, Doctor? I suppose you are blue also, beneath your disguise?

DOCTOR:
(SOTTO) No. Keep it down, Michel.

GARILUND:
(ALOUD) A Time Lord! This changes everything. Brors will have to listen to you!

DOCTOR:
(SOTTO) Brors?

SECOND NUNCIO:
(OFF) Look! More practice!

NOSTRADAMUS:
Doctor – the creatures have heard us!

(FX: KRO ROAR. WEAPONS FIRE)

DOCTOR:
Run!

(FX: ALL EXIT, PURSUED BY KRO)

SCENE 26: INT. POLDAGON LAB

(FX: AS BEFORE. DOOR SLIDES OPEN)

KREN:
(ENTERING) Larrett. Just the person I wanted to see.

LARRETT:
(NERVOUSLY) Really?

KREN:
(FX: CROSSING TO CONSOLE) This console, is it linked to the ComPort system?

(FX: CONSOLE CONTROLS BEING ACTIVATED)

LARRETT:
Yes, but—

(FX: CONSOLE CONTROL WARNING BLEEP)

KREN:
Ah, but it seems my status has been revoked, and I'm no longer authorised to access the system.

LARRETT:
Maybe we could call a technician, and—

KREN:
But you could do it, couldn't you? After all, you've been promoted to Second Researcher.

LARRETT:
I'm not sure…

KREN:
Activate the system for me, Larrett.

LARRETT:
Maybe I should talk to Administrator Brors —

KREN:
Brors has revoked my status. Any minute now, Security will come to arrest me. I'm a wanted man, Larrett.

LARRETT:
What?

KREN:
There's no telling what I'm capable of. So be sensible and do as I tell you.

LARRETT:
(HURRYING TO CONSOLE) Yes, of course! (FX: WORKS CONTROLS)

KREN:
Garilund is alive. I can port her back from here, if I can locate her device. Of course, you might lose your job, but I think I can live with that.

(FX: CONSOLE CONTROL AFFIRMATIVE BLEEP)

LARRETT:
There, I've done it.

KREN:
Good. Off you go now, to tell Brors where I am.

(FX: LARRETT'S FOOTSTEPS, HURRYING AWAY. DOOR OPENING AND CLOSING)

KREN:
(TO HIMSELF, WORKING CONTROLS) Now then…

(FX: CONSOLE BLEEPS)

KREN:
Her ComPort's been centrally deactivated. I knew it! Reactivating now.

(FX: PRESSING OF BUTTONS)

KREN:
Porting. Hold on Garilund.

SCENE 27: EXT. FLORENCE STREET

(FX: RUNNING FOOTSTEPS)

NOSTRADAMUS:
(RUNNING) How much further to your vessel?

DOCTOR:
(RUNNING) Difficult to say. Everything wasn't in ruins and on fire when I came past here earlier.

GARILUND:
(STOPPING, POINTING) That dark object, is that it?

DOCTOR:
Ah, yes! Well spotted.

GARILUND:
Doesn't exactly blend in. Chameleon circuit not working?

DOCTOR:
You really are remarkably well informed.

GARILUND:
(STRIDING FORWARD) Come on. Once we're aboard, you can—

(FX: WARNING BLEEP-BLEEPING OF COM PORT)

GARILUND:
No. No! Not now. (SHOUTING) Nostradamus! Take my [hand —] (FX: CUT OFF BY TELEPORTATION BUZZ. SHE VANISHES)

NOSTRADAMUS:
She's gone! Disappeared, into the ether!

DOCTOR:
Ah. That doesn't help at all.

(FX: FROM OFF, KRO ROARS AND WEAPONS FIRE)

DOCTOR:
Into the TARDIS, Michel. That part of the plan hasn't changed!

(FX: BOTH HURRY ON)

SCENE 28: INT. POLDAGON LAB

(FX: SHORT BUZZ AS GARILUND TELEPORTS IN)

GARILUND:
(SHOUTING) [Take my] hand! Nostradamus-!!!

KREN:
(RUSHING UP) It worked! You're here! You're safe!

GARILUND:
Kren-? (BEAT) Oh no. Kren, I have to go back!

KREN:
What-?

(FX: BLEEPING OF COMPORT BUTTONS)

GARILUND:
Help me. Reactivate my ComPort!

KREN:
I did help you. I just saved your life. Brors shut down your ComPort access. He brought forward the attack. He was trying to [kill you!]

(FX: DISTANT SECURITY ALARM CUTS OVER)

GARILUND:
What's that?

COMPUTER VOICE:
(OFF, IN CORRIDOR) Security. Alert. Former Facilitator Kren is to be found and removed from the Facility. (REPEATS)

KREN:
Probably the security alert that Brors has put out for me.

GARILUND:
Oh Kren, what have you done?

KREN:
Whatever it took to save you.

GARILUND:
You have to send me back! (FX: CONSOLE CONTROLS ACTIVATED) I have to bring that test subject back with me as proof! (FX: WARNING BLEEP) Oh, why won't this thing work?

KREN:
The controls have been locked. They must know where we are.

(FX: FROM OUTSIDE, 2 x SECURITY GUARDS APPROACHING)

KREN:
They’re coming. We have to go!

GARILUND:
Secondary exit, then. Come on. (RUSHING OFF) Anything else you haven’t told me?

KREN:
(FOLLOWING) Only that you’ve been fired and Brors has replaced you with that idiot Larrett.

GARILUND:
What?

(FX: FADE)

SCENE 29: INT. POLDAGON CONTROL ROOM

COMPUTER VOICE:
Port activation detected.

BRORS:
What? Who's been porting?

COMPUTER VOICE:
Former second researcher Garilund's ComPort detected.

BRORS:
That's not possible. Confirm bio-identity.

COMPUTER VOICE:
Former Second Researcher Garilund bio-signs confirmed.

BRORS:
How was she brought here?

COMPUTER VOICE:
Her ComPort was activated from the science levels. ComPort terminus there now deactivated.

BRORS:
Very good. Wait, did she port in alone?

COMPUTER VOICE:
Single entity port confirmed.

BRORS:
(RELIEVED) So much for her plan to bring back her precious test unit. Update Security – former Second Researcher Garilund is also to be apprehended, along with former Facilitator Kren.

SCENE 30: INT. TARDIS CONTROL ROOM

NOSTRADAMUS:
(TAKING IN SURROUNDINGS) This is your vessel, Doctor? (FX: TARDIS DOORS CLOSING BEHIND) But it is impossible. Impossible!

DOCTOR:
Completely. Now — (FX: THUNKS AND BLEEPS OF TARDIS CONSOLE) — we need to contact the Kro. (TO SELF) If I can just hack in to their communications path… (FX: MORE BLEEPS, RADIO STATIC)

NOSTRADAMUS:
(CROSSING TO CONSOLE) Why speak to these creatures? Surely a… 'TARDIS' as vast as this has weapons to use against them?

DOCTOR:
Weapons? Why would I need weapons? (FX: STATIC CLEARS) There. (INTO SCANNER) Hello? Can anyone hear me?

FIRST NUNCIO:
(D) Nuncio of the First Spear, chosen voice of the Phalanx of Kro. Who speaks?

DOCTOR:
Doctor of the Seventh, chosen voice of the TARDIS, and I demand you stop this attack on the planet Earth immediately.

FIRST NUNCIO:
(D) Earth planet? Explain.

DOCTOR:
The planet you are attacking is called Earth.

FIRST NUNCIO:
(D) Attack manoeuvres authorised under contract with planet owners and operators. You not authorised to re-negotiate terms of contract.

DOCTOR:
This is a planet! It has neither owners nor operators. I am boarding your ship, right now, to put an end to this.

FIRST NUNCIO:
(D) Authority not recognised. No negotiations. No further communication. (FX: RADIO CUTS TO STATIC, CONTINUING THROUGH:)

(FX: INSISTENT PULSING SENSOR ON CONSOLE)

NOSTRADAMUS:
Doctor? What does this flashing light signify?

DOCTOR:
They're locking weapons onto us. Hold onto something, Michel. I'm taking us into emergency orbit!

(FX: DEMATERIALISATION. FADE)

SCENE 31: INT. CORRIDOR IN POLDAGON FACILITY

(FX: SECURITY ALARM AS BEFORE, WELL OFF)

GARILUND:
(RUNNING TO STOP) We need to get to another port bay, Kren. From there we can get back to the surface.

KREN:
(RUNNING TO STOP) There's no way we'll make it without being caught. Besides, they'll have deactivated the ComPort system by now.

GARILUND:
We have to try. The man I found, Nostradamus. He's the key.

KREN:
Garilund, the odds of him surviving alone…

GARILUND:
He's not alone. I met someone else on the surface. A Time Lord.

KREN:
A Time Lord? Come on.

GARILUND:
I know! But he's there. You have to believe me. —

SECURITY GUARD:
(CALLING FROM OFF) You there! Stop!

KREN:
Security. They've caught up with us.

SECURITY GUARD:
(APPROACHING) I said stop! I am armed!

GARILUND:
So am I.

(FX: WEAPON CHARGING, AS IN SC. 12)

KREN:
What are you doing with that?!

(FX: WEAPONS FIRE)

SECURITY GUARD:
Uuuugh! (FALLS TO GROUND)

KREN:
You shot him!

GARILUND:
You were the one who suggested I arm myself for the test zone! (BEAT) Look, it's stun-only. He'll be fine.

KREN:
Yes, but still… you shot him! I think you've been spending too much time among the bio-units.

GARILUND:
They're people, Kren. People. And we're going to save them. Come on. (LEAVES)

SCENE 32: INT. TARDIS CONTROL ROOM

(FX: STRAINED SHUDDERING NOISE – TARDIS UNABLE TO COMPLETE MATERIALISATION. RADIO STATIC CONTINUES)

NOSTRADAMUS:
Forgive me, Doctor, but… your vessel, is this normally how it travels through the heavens?

(FX: THUNKS AND BLEEPS OF TARDIS CONTROLS)

DOCTOR:
No. Something's stopping it leaving.

(FX: RADIO STATIC RESOLVES INTO:)

COMPUTER VOICE:
(D) […Please stand by.] Attempt to remove registered property detected. Property theft is a serious breach of the standard contractual agreement. You are being diverted to the central science facility for processing. Please stand by. (REPEATS: [Attempt to remove –]

(FX: RADIO SWITCHED OFF)

NOSTRADAMUS:
More creatures from other worlds?

DOCTOR:
Poldagons. Garilund's people. They seem to think we've stolen something of theirs. Now they're trying to pull us in.

NOSTRADAMUS:
They can do that, to a vessel as remarkable as this?

(FX: TARDIS RE-MATERIALISATION BEGINS)

DOCTOR:
Apparently so. Remarkably well-informed, these Poldagons.

SCENE 33: INT. POLDAGON PUMPING STATION

(FX: INDUSTRIAL AREA. MECHANICAL PUMPING, LIQUID GURGLING)

KREN:
(WALKING TO STOP, IN DISGUST) Where are we?

GARILUND:
Somewhere down among the bio-feed pumping stations.

KREN:
I don't think I've been down here before.

GARILUND:
That's the point. Hopefully, they won't think to look for us here.

KREN:
Garilund, about all this…

GARILUND:
I know, you don't believe me. First bio-units with signs of higher sentience, and now I'm seeing Time Lords.

KREN:
There's higher sentience, then there's…

GARILUND:
The research subject I found displayed evidence of advanced intelligence. He was capable of precognition.

KREN:
But if that was possible, wouldn't someone have discovered it already?

GARILUND:
Maybe they did. And maybe Brors covered it up, just like he's trying to do now. Let me ask you something – what's this facility for?

KREN:
Research. Pushing forward the boundaries of Poldagon science.

GARILUND:
Money, Kren. It's about money, to fund all that pushing forward of the boundaries of science. So what would happen if–

(FX: INTERRUPTED BY TANNOY)

COMPUTER VOICE:
(TANNOY, ECHOING, SLIGHTLY OFF) Alert. Product theft attempt detected. Protocols engaged. Unidentified vessel carrying copyrighted bio-unit product diverted to port bay 12.

(BEAT)

GARILUND:
Port bay 12. Right, then. (WALKS)

KREN:
Garilund? Wait, where are you going?

GARILUND:
Weren't you listening? Port bay 12.

KREN:
Why?

GARILUND:
Because I'm willing to bet that 'unidentified vessel' is the Time Lord's TARDIS.

KREN:
So the bio-unit is…

GARILUND:
(MOVING OFF) The one I told you about. We have to get to them.

SCENE 34: INT. KRO CONCLAVE WARSHIP

(FX: DOOR GRINDS OPEN)

SECOND NUNCIO:
(STOMPING IN, STOPS) Guard! Where is First Nuncio?

KRO GUARD:
(A BIT EFFETE FOR A KRO) F-first Nuncio? Uh, not know —

FIRST NUNCIO:
(STOMPING INTO SCENE) Here. First Nuncio here. What Second Nuncio want now?

SECOND NUNCIO:
Honoured Nuncio of the First Spear, Conclave demands—

FIRST NUNCIO:
(GROWLING) First Nuncio chosen voice of Conclave. Not you.

SECOND NUNCIO:
Conclave demands to know why they were not informed of communication from planet surface?

FIRST NUNCIO:
Communication invalid. Unauthorised attempt to enter contract re-negotiations.

SECOND NUNCIO:
Source of communication?

FIRST NUNCIO:
Speaker called Doctor of the Seventh. Vessel attacked and destroyed.

SECOND NUNCIO:
Vessel not destroyed. Vessel now aboard Blueskins' facility.

FIRST NUNCIO:
(HISSES/GROWLS IN ANGER)

SECOND NUNCIO:
Memory-records indicate Doctor of Seventh is Time Lord. Enemy of the Phalanx of Kro. His vessel valuable, destruction forbidden.

FIRST NUNCIO:
(GROWLING) Second Spear Nuncio will leave now.

SECOND NUNCIO:
NO. Command Conclave displeased. Second Nuncio now made First Spear Nuncio. Predecessor to surrender items of office…

FIRST NUNCIO:
(ROARS ANGRILY)

SECOND NUNCIO:
… and brain-meat memory-inheritance of all previous First Spear Nuncios.

FIRST NUNCIO:
Long-snout upstart.

SECOND NUNCIO:
Short-tail incompetent.

(FX: ROARS, IMPACT OF HEAVY BODIES SMASHING TOGETHER. ANGRY GROWLS, HISSES OF PAIN. IMPACT OF BODY HITTING THE GROUND. HUNGRY SOUNDS OF THICK SKULL BONE BROKEN OPEN AND CONTENTS DEVOURED)

SECOND NUNCIO:
Memory inheritance… absorbed. (BELCHES)

KRO GUARD:
Second Spear Nuncio…

SECOND NUNCIO:
(WARNING GROWL)

KRO GUARD:
Forgive. Honoured First Spear Nuncio. What commands?

SECOND NUNCIO:
Blueskins now in breach of contract. Ready warfleet for new orders.

SCENE 35: INT. PORT BAY 12

(FX: TARDIS MATERIALISES. DOOR OPENS)

DOCTOR:
(STEPPING OUT) We've arrived.

NOSTRADAMUS:
(FOLLOWING) Where?

DOCTOR:
Let's find out. (FX: CLOSES DOOR) Carefully now.

NOSTRAMADUS:
Is it deserted? There are none of those Kro creatures?

DOCTOR:
Nothing more alarming than uninteresting architecture and inadequate heating. (CALLING OUT) Hello? We're your captives from Earth. Anyone here?

COMPUTER VOICE:
(TANNOY) Property return confirmed. Remain where you are. Security units on their way.

DOCTOR:
(MUSING TO SELF) Confirmed, yes – but how?

NOSTRADAMUS:
(SLIGHTLY OFF) Doctor?

DOCTOR:
(FX: JOINING HIM – WE FOLLOW) What is it?

(FX: UP SOUND OF LIQUID GURGLING)

NOSTRADAMUS:
A sea of grey.

DOCTOR:
Yes, all these pipes seem to be pumping it somewhere.

NOSTRADAMUS:
I have seen this before. In a dream, maybe. (BEAT) Doctor, why do I feel I have been here before?

(FX: HEAVY DOOR GRINDS OPEN, OFF)

SECURITY GUARD:
(OFF) There they are-!

BRORS:
(OFF) Contain them.

(FX: 2 x SECURITY GUARDS CLATTER FORWARD AND STOP THROUGH:)

NOSTRADAMUS:
More blue beings, like the Lady Garilund!

DOCTOR:
Poldagons. We're their prisoners, I think.

BRORS:
(WALKING FORWARD) Sincerest apologies. (STOP) I'm Brors, Chief Administrator of this facility.

DOCTOR:
Or perhaps not. (TO BRORS) I'm the Doctor. This is—

BRORS:
Doctor, I can't tell you what a pleasure this is. A Time Lord. A true honour.

DOCTOR:
Indeed.

NOSTRADAMUS:
Excuse me, but where is the Lady Garilund?

BRORS:
(TO DOCTOR) This being is with you?

NOSTRADAMUS:
'Being'?

DOCTOR:
Michel de Nostredame. Quite famous, on his homeworld.

NOSTRADAMUS:
Really?

BRORS:
(LAUGHS) Of course. Now, shall we?

DOCTOR:
Shall we what?

BRORS:
Begin your tour of the facility. So gratifying to know our achievements are known even on Gallifrey.

DOCTOR:
I'm sure. And my friend here?

BRORS:
My guards will escort him to a secure area.

DOCTOR:
I'd prefer it if he came along.

BRORS:
I doubt he'd understand anything of it. A lot of complicated technical information.

DOCTOR:
Of course. It's alright, Michel. I'll see you soon.

SECURITY GUARD:
Follow me.

(FX: FOOTSTEPS – NOSTRADAMUS BEING LED AWAY BY 2 x GUARDS)

BRORS:
This way, Doctor. I think you'll be impressed by what we've achieved here.

(FX: CROSSFADE THEIR FOOTSTEPS OFF TO CLOSE BY:)

SCENE 36: INT. PORT BAY 12 — OVERHEAD AREA [CONTINUOUS]

GARILUND:
(SOTTO) Looks like we're too late.

KREN:
(SOTTO) That's your Time Lord? Doesn't look very impressive.

GARILUND:
(SOTTO) Brors is giving him the VIP treatment. He must think he's a prospective client.

KREN:
(SOTTO) And the other one, your 'higher sentience' bio-unit? Where do you think they're taking him?

GARILUND:
(SOTTO) Imagine you're Brors. Imagine you've found a bio-unit loose outside the test zone. Where would you send it?

KREN:
(SOTTO) Oh.

GARILUND:
(SOTTO) Exactly. You go after Nostradamus, I'll try to get the Doctor away from Brors.

KREN:
(SOTTO, LEAVING) Okay. Oh, and Garilund…

GARILUND:
(SOTTO) I know. 'Don't shoot anyone.' I'll try.

SCENE 37: INT. POLDAGON CONTROL ROOM

COMPUTER VOICE:
Incoming communication: spokes-being for the Command Conclave of the Phalanx of Kro. They wish to speak to Administrator Brors.

LARRETT:
The Administrator is busy. And he's ordered me to take care of some malfunctioning bio-unit. What do they want?

COMPUTER VOICE:
Kro spokes-being's voice patterns exhibiting signs of extreme agitation.

LARRETT:
Put them through. I'm quite capable of negotiation. (FX: RADIO HISS) This is Third— I mean, Second Researcher Larrett.

SECOND NUNCIO:
(D) This one Nuncio of the First Spear, chosen voice of the Phalanx of Kro. You speak for the Blueskins?

LARRETT:
For the Poldagon science facility, yes.

SECOND NUNCIO:
(D) Blueskins in breach of contract. Stolen property belonging to Kro taken from test zone. We demand return of property and immediate reparations.

LARRETT:
Now, wait just a minute…

SECOND NUNCIO:
(D) Phalanx negotiators coming aboard facility to begin reparations. Do not resist.

(FX: RADIO DISCONNECTED)

LARRETT:
(RATTLED) Hello? *Hello?*

SCENE 38: INT. SHOWROOM

(FX: ELEVATOR COMES TO HALT. TECHY PING. DOORS SLIDE OPEN INTO VAST SPACE)

BRORS:
(STEPPING OUT) Here we are, Doctor. See for yourself. I call this 'the showroom'.

DOCTOR:
(FOLLOWING) Your 'showroom' has an ocean inside it?

BRORS:
You think that's impressive? Just wait. (INTO AIR) Control, run simulation 5081.

COMPUTER VOICE:
Simulation commencing.

(FX: DEEP RUMBLING AND CRASHING OF WAVES, OFF)

DOCTOR:
It's moving.

BRORS:
No, building. This is a sea of bio-matter. We control it, every molecule. It can be anything, as long as we've collected enough research data.

(FX: RUMBLING BUILDS THEN SUDDENLY STOPS. STRANGE NOISES OF BIRDSONG, CREATURES)

DOCTOR:
I know this place. It's…

BRORS:
The lost jungles of Rolagtha.

DOCTOR:
Burned, not lost. The whole planet was destroyed by solar flares.

BRORS:
And yet we have recreated its jungles here, right down to the molecular level.

DOCTOR:
So, you have he ability to recreate any environment, any lifeform. Impressive. And terrifying.

BRORS:
I don't understand.

DOCTOR:
No, but now I'm starting to. This facility. I've not left the planet at all, have I? I'm inside it.

BRORS:
Of course. An artificial world, built to the average size of most life supporting planets.

DOCTOR:
And its surface? Composed of bio-matter?

BRORS:
In its raw liquid state, yes. Ready to be formed into whatever our clients desire.

DOCTOR:
(TO HIMSELF) An ocean of grey…

BRORS:
We can recreate any world we have on file. Any moment in its history, captured in perfect clarity.

DOCTOR:
Including 16th century Earth?

BRORS:
Our current clients wished to conduct an invasion training scenario on a low-tech planet. It seemed a good match.

DOCTOR:
An imitation Earth, populated by imitation humans. And when your clients are finished playing with it, you just dissolve everything and reform it into something else.

BRORS:
Yes. Impressive, don't you agree?

DOCTOR:
More like appalling.

BRORS:
I beg your pardon?

DOCTOR:
The Phalanx of Kro are monsters because the universe created them that way. What's your excuse?

BRORS:
I'm not sure I…

DOCTOR:
Serial genocide, that's what's going on here. Creating living world after living world, then erasing them.

BRORS:
I thought you wanted to hire the facility –

DOCTOR:
Quite the contrary. I'm shutting you down.

BRORS:
(CALLING OUT) Control, alert Security.

DOCTOR:
Call your security. I'm not leaving until I've safeguarded every single life on the artificial surface of your horror planet. And neither you nor your clients are going to stop me.

END OF PART TWO

PART THREE

REPRISE:

DOCTOR:
Serial genocide, that's what's going on here. Creating living world after living world, then erasing them.

BRORS:
I thought you wanted to hire the facility –

DOCTOR:
Quite the contrary. I'm shutting you down.

BRORS:
(CALLING OUT) Control, alert Security.

DOCTOR:
Call your security. I'm not leaving until I've safeguarded every single life on the artificial surface of your horror planet. And neither you nor your clients are going to stop me.

(CONTINUES INTO:)

SCENE 39: INT. SHOWROOM [CONTINUOUS]

(FX: ELEVATOR DESCENDING IN B/G)

BRORS:
Ah, that will be the security team.

DOCTOR:
Already?

(FX: TECHY PING. DOORS SLIDE OPEN)

BRORS:
Security, remove this – [individual] (TRAILS OFF)

GARILUND:
(STEPPING OUT, ADVANCING) Hello, Brors.

(FX: LIFT DOORS SHUT BEHIND)

DOCTOR:
Ah, the Lady Garilund. How nice. I, er, take it you two know each other?

GARILUND:
(FX: GUN CHARGING) He was my boss, until he tried to kill me.

BRORS:
Put the gun down, Garilund. I promise you, I have no idea what you're talking about…

GARILUND:
Why was it you left me for dead up there, Brors? Because you suspected my theories were right? Because I threatened to report everything to the Science Academy? (ADVANCING, MENACING) The bio-units are living beings. How many of them have I helped you kill? Hundreds of millions? Billions?

DOCTOR:
Whatever your grievance, Garilund, it won't be made better by a weapon.

(FX: ELEVATOR DESCENDING IN B/G THROUGH:)

BRORS:
(NERVOUS NOW) H-he's right. We're Poldagons, not bloodthirsty creatures like the Kro. —

COMPUTER VOICE:
(TANNOY) Security team arriving at Showroom.

BRORS:
About time!

GARILUND:
Doctor?

DOCTOR:
Not to worry. I know what to do in these situations.

(FX: PING. DOORS SLIDE OPEN. 3 x SECURITY GUARDS CLATTER OUT)

GARILUND:
Which is?

DOCTOR:
Run!

(FX: THEY RUN)

BRORS:
(TO SECURITY TEAM) Well, don't just stand there! After them!

(FX: 3 X SECURITY GUARDS RUN AFTER DOCTOR AND GARILUND)

(BEAT) Morons. (INTO AIR) Control, what's the status of the bio-unit the Doctor brought with him?

COMPUTER VOICE:
(TANNOY) Bio-unit is being taken by Second Researcher Larrett for recycling.

BRORS:
Let me know as soon as it's been disposed of.

SCENE 40: INT. CORRIDOR/LAB

(FX: FADE UP FOOTSTEPS)

NOSTRADAMUS:
(WALKING) What's happening? Where's the Lady Garilund?

LARRETT:
(WALKING) Cease talking. It is against regulations for Facility personnel to communicate with the bio-units.

NOSTRADAMUS:
(WALKING) What's your name? Can you tell me that, at least?

LARRETT:
(STOPPING, SIGHING) It is against regulations [for —]

NOSTRADAMUS:
(INTERRUPTING) Mine's Michel. Michel de Nostredame. You're going to kill me, aren't you? I don't need to be a seer to know that.

(FX: KEYPAD BLIP. LAB DOOR SLIDES OPEN)

LARRETT:
In here.

(FX: THEY WALK INTO LAB. HUM OF MACHINERY)

NOSTRADAMUS:
Is this where it happens? Where you kill me? Strange, I never foresaw any of this…

LARRETT:
Recycling.

NOSTRADAMUS:
What?

LARRETT:
It's called recycling. Killing is unethical. We have strict guidelines about this kind of thing. Anyway, you're not really alive in the first place.

NOSTRADAMUS:
Then… what am I?

LARRETT:
You're a small mass of bio-matter programmed to act as if it's a living being from one of the planets we have on record.

NOSTRADAMUS:
But I am alive. I can think, and reason—

LARRETT:
No, you just think you can. Look, it's all rather technical, and you wouldn't understand.

NOSTRADAMUS:
I can remember. I can remember my whole life.

LARRETT:
Another being's life. A real being. Now — lie down on this rendering slab, and we'll get started.

NOSTRADAMUS:
You don't understand. I see the future.

LARRETT:
A glitch in the program, nothing more.

SCENE 41: INT. SHOWROOM — CORRIDOR

(FX: GURGLING PIPES. 3 x SECURITY GUARDS RUSH PAST. BEAT)

GARILUND:
(SOTTO) Did we lose them?

DOCTOR:
(SOTTO) For the moment. Come on.

(FX: THEY WALK)

GARILUND:
The way you did all that…

DOCTOR:
Giant underground complex. Nefarious goings-on. Pursuit by people with guns. Second nature, really.

GARILUND:
So where are we going?

DOCTOR:
To find Michel, of course.

GARILUND:
Nostradamus? Why's he so important to you?

DOCTOR:
He's a living being. Isn't that reason enough?

GARILUND:
Yes, but—

DOCTOR:
And, out of everyone on the Earth above, the only person you wanted to save was him. Why? Because you think he can see the future?

GARILUND:
He can. You heard him! He foresaw the Kro and the invasion. He even saw… (TAILS AWAY)

DOCTOR:
Ah, yes. The ocean of grey.

GARILUND:
He saw what he really was, where he came from, even if he didn't understand it.

DOCTOR:
Precognition. A pity we don't possess it, then we might know where they took him.

GARILUND:
It's alright. I sent Kren to rescue him, while I looked for you.

DOCTOR:
The young man you were talking to on your communicator? Capable type, is he?

GARILUND:
Before today, I would have had my doubts. But now…

DOCTOR:
Excellent. Then we don't have to worry about saving Nostradamus while we're still trying to save ourselves. This way…

SCENE 42: INT. LAB

NOSTRADAMUS:
(ON SLAB) But – I don't want to die.

LARRETT:
You won't. You'll simply be rendered back into raw bio-matter and recycled, to be formed into something else, for whatever program we run next. It's like living forever!

NOSTRADAMUS:
As – what? Formless ooze? Blind, unthinking, unfeeling…

LARRETT:
(TO HIMSELF) Next time, Larrett, remember there's a reason you're not to talk to the bio-units. (TO NOSTRADAMUS) Okay, here we go.

(FX: MACHINERY POWERING UP. DOOR OPENS BEHIND)

LARRETT:
(TESTY) Yes? What is it, Kren?

KREN:
(ENTERING) Brors got you doing his dirty work now, Larrett?

LARRETT:
It's just – (BREAKS OFF) What are you doing with that gun?

KREN:
I, er, relieved it from a security guard. I had to knock him out first, admittedly.

LARRETT:
You've gone insane, Kren! What kind of Poldagon are you?

KREN:
The kind that still knows the difference between research and murder. (TO NOSTRADAMUS) You! Is your name Nostradamus?

NOSTRADAMUS:
It is. Are you a friend of the Lady Garilund?

KREN:
(AMUSED) 'Lady' Garilund? Yes, I suppose so.

NOSTRADAMUS
Then you can take me to her? You know where she is?

KREN:
I did, and now – thanks to my good friend Larrett here – I soon will again.

LARRETT:
I won’t help you again. You’re a renegade. A menace to Poldagon science!

KREN:
Hmmm. We’ll just see about that, shall we?

(FX: ENERGY WEAPON POWERING UP)

SCENE 43: INT. ELEVATOR/LAB

(FX: LIFT DOORS SLIDE SHUT)

BRORS:
Science level.

COMPUTER VOICE:
Elevator ascending.

(FX: ELEVATOR ASCENDING)

BRORS:
Computer. Update status of former Second Researcher Garilund and the Time Lord?

COMPUTER VOICE:
Security units believe them to be in the lower maintenance tunnels.

BRORS:
Instruct security units to continue search. They must be apprehended!

(FX: ELEVATOR STOPS. PING)

COMPUTER VOICE:
Science level.

(FX: DOORS OPEN)

LARRETT:
(RUSHING FORWARD FROM OFF) Administrator! Thank Poldagon!

BRORS:
Larrett?

LARRETT:
(STOPPING) I was just about to report…

BRORS:
… that the faulty bio-unit has been recycled?

LARRETT:
Ah.

BRORS:
It hasn’t?!?

LARRETT:
It was Kren, sir! He took the bio-unit! I couldn’t stop him!

BRORS:
(TO COMPUTER) Control, former Facilitator Kren and the faulty bio-unit must be apprehended without delay. (BEAT; TO LARRETT) Is there anything else that you've so far failed to report to me, Larrett?

LARRETT:
You mean, about the clients?

BRORS:
What about the clients?

LARRETT:
It wasn't my fault! You left explicit instructions that you weren't to be interrupted —

BRORS:
Tell me, Larrett. Now.

LARRETT:
They say we're in breach of contract. Something taken from the test zone that they claim is theirs.

BRORS:
Control, confirm status of the clients' fleet?

COMPUTER VOICE:
Warfleet manoeuvring into battle formation. Clients' representative demanding entry to the facility for immediate reparations negotiations.

BRORS:
(SIGHS) Security teams are to cease searching for the fugitive Garilund. One squad to secure the Time Lord vessel, the other to the VIP porting pay for the arrival of the Kro delegation.

LARRETT:
You're letting Garilund go?

BRORS:
Follow me to the VIP port bay, Larrett. I'll deal with Garilund.

SCENE 44: INT. SLUICE/MAINTENANCE ELEVATOR

(FX: FADE UP LIQUID GURGLING, FOOTSTEPS WADING THROUGH WATER)

DOCTOR:
Where are we now, do you suppose?

GARILUND:
The sluice works beneath the main bio-feeders. I think.

DOCTOR:
This liquid that we're wading through – it's not water, is it?

GARILUND:
No. It's waste residue from the bio-matter process.

DOCTOR:
The material that Michel and everyone else on the planet above is made from? Charming.

GARILUND:
(FX: STOPS, RATTLES CAGE) A maintenance elevator. But it's locked.

DOCTOR:
Not for long.

(FX: BURST FROM SONIC SCREWDRIVER)

GARILUND:
That's a sonic screwdriver, isn't it? I don't suppose…

DOCTOR:
(CUTTING HER OFF) No. It'd be nice to keep some secrets safe from you Poldagons.

(FX: RADIO CRACKLE)

KREN:
(ON RADIO) Garilund, you reading me?

GARILUND:
Kren! My Comport, you got it back online.

KREN:
(ON RADIO) You can thank Larrett for that. All he needed was a little friendly persuasion.

GARILUND:
Where are you? I'm with the Doctor, in the maintenance tunnels–

KREN:
(ON RADIO) Yes, I know.

(FX: ECHOING MECHANICAL CLUNKS FROM OFF)

KREN:
(ON RADIO) You have to get out of there. Brors has opened the sluice gates. He's flooding the tunnels with raw bio-matter.

GARILUND:
Doctor…

DOCTOR:
I heard. Nostradamus. You still haven't explained why he's so important.

(FX: WATERY ROAR, COMING CLOSER, THROUGH:)

GARILUND:
But the bio-matter! We'll drown!

DOCTOR:
Then we'd both better hurry, hadn't we? It's to do with his powers, isn't it?

GARILUND:
Yes. Precognition is a recognised Category Four mental ability, according to the Poldagon Science Academy.

DOCTOR:
(REALISATION) Ah. And Category Four abilities only occur in higher forms of intelligent life — is that right?

GARILUND:
Open the door! Please!

DOCTOR:
So if you're able to prove that Michel does have these powers —

GARILUND:
Hurry up!

DOCTOR:
— then he and all the other imitation humans you've created here will have to be reclassified as sentient —

GARILUND:
Yes, yes! And Brors will be forced to shut everything down. Now will you get us out of here!

(FX: DOOR CAGE UNLOCKS — BARS SLIDING APART)

DOCTOR:
In we go.

(FX: ELEVATOR OPENS. FOLLOW THEM AS THEY RUSH IN. ROARING WATER, VERY CLOSE)

GARILUND:
Close the doors!

(FX: SONIC SCREWDRIVER, DOORS CLOSE)

(FX: CRASH OF WATER AGAINST DOORS. REASSURING SOUND OF ELEVATOR ASCENDING)

GARILUND:
You could have done that at any time, couldn’t you?

DOCTOR:
Old habit. Last-minute escapes, always more fun. Now, let’s go find this friend of yours.

SCENE 45: INT. VIP PORT BAY

(FX: DOORS OPENING. BRORS AND LARRETT WALK TO HALT)

LARRETT:
Security team standing by, Chief Administrator, sir!

BRORS:
I can see that, Larrett. (TO SECURITY GUARDS) You men – prepare for combat. Only try not to look too prepared.

SECURITY GUARD:
Er… yes, sir.

BRORS:
Very well, let's get this over with. Control – admit the client delegation.

COMPUTER VOICE:
Confirm.

(FX: RISING ENERGY HUM, TELEPORT BUZZ. 3 x KRO MATERIALISE. REPTILIAN SNORTING AND HISSING, SHUFFLING OF HEAVY BODIES)

BRORS:
Welcome aboard. I'm sure you're as anxious as I am to resolve this situation peacefully, so if you'll follow me, [we can–]

SECOND NUNCIO:
(ANGRY GROWL) Which is blueskin Larrett?

LARRETT:
(NERVOUS) I'm Larrett.

SECOND NUNCIO:
Blueskin Larrett is important to Brors?

BRORS:
Yes, I suppose so.

SECOND NUNCIO:
Brors take something important from Kro. Kro take something important from Brors. (FX: ROARS ANGRILY, CHARGES FORWARD)

LARRETT:
Administrator! H-help-

(FX: SNAP OF JAWS. CHOMP. LARRETT'S BODY FLOPS TO GROUND)

BRORS:
You – you've killed him! Security!

SECURITY GUARD:
(DAZED) Er —

BRORS:
Send these savages back where they came from!

(FX: EXCHANGE OF FIRE; POLDAGON GUNS ANSWERED INSTANTLY BY HEAVIER KRO WEAPONRY)

SECURITY GUARD:
(CRIES OUT, DIES)

(FX: 3 x SECURITY GUARDS' BODIES FLOP TO GROUND)

BRORS:
Control, go to general alert! All available security units to—
(KNOCKED DOWN) Aaaaaagh!

SECOND NUNCIO:
(INTO RADIO) Bridgehead seized. Send over additional forces.

BRORS:
W-what are you doing? This is an outrage!

SECOND NUNCIO:
No, blueskin. This negotiation.

SCENE 46: INT. CORRIDOR

(FX: ALARM BEGINS TO PULSE)

NOSTRADAMUS:
(WALKING) I know all this is very new to me, Kren, but is that strange noise normal?

(HEAVY KRO FOOTSTEPS APPROACHING FROM OFF)
KREN:
It's a general alert. Brors must know we're [free —] (STOPS SHORT, HISSES) Back. Get back-!

(FX: THEY TAKE A COUPLE OF FOOTSTEPS BACK. 3 x KRO LUMBER PAST IN THE B/G)

NOSTRADAMUS:
(SOTTO) The monsters! They're here!

KREN:
(SOTTO) Sssssh. Don't make a sound.

(FX: BEAT AS KRO PASS BY, THEN RADIO CRACKLE)

GARILUND:
(D) Kren, are you there?

KREN:
(SOTTO, PANIC) My communicator-!

GARILUND:
(D) Kren-?

NOSTRADAMUS:
(NORMAL) All is well. They have passed by, I think.

KREN:
(INTO RADIO) I'm here, Garilund.

GARILUND:
(D) Finally. Why are the general alert alarms sounding?

KREN:
It's the Kro. They're here. In the Facility!

(FX: CROSS TO:)

SCENE 47: INT. ELEVATOR

(FX: VERY DISTANT ALERT. SONIC SCREWDRIVER BUZZING IN B/G)

GARILUND:
(INTO RADIO) Well, there's no sign of them here. As soon as the alert started, the elevator shut down. The Doctor's working on it now.

(FX: SPARKS, SCREWDRIVER CUTS OUT)

DOCTOR:
Trust Poldagons to use a fifth series Trask-Tolo equation on their elevator controls.

KREN:
(D) So what's the plan?

GARILUND:
(INTO RADIO) Same as before. Get to the control room and send a signal to the Academy. We'll join you there.

KREN:
(D) And if you can't?

GARILUND:
(INTO RADIO) Just make sure Nostradamus is safe, and the Academy know what's going on here. Garilund out.

(FX: RADIO BREAKING OFF)

SCENE 48: INT. VIP PORT BAY

(FX: RADIO CRACKLE: KRO GUNS FIRING; POLDAGON SCREAMS)

SECOND NUNCIO:
Brors hear that? Brors understand?

BRORS:
Yes… yes! Please, stop killing my staff!

(FX: RADIO SOUNDS CUT OUT)

SECOND NUNCIO:
Only when Brors gives Kro what they want.

BRORS:
Which is-?

SECOND NUNCIO:
Remember contract. Everything on surface belong to Phalanx of Kro. Strange box object on surface. Taken from us. You in breach of contract.

BRORS:
Strange box? You mean the Time Lord's TARDIS?

SECOND NUNCIO:
Time Lord. Declared enemy of Phalanx of Kro.

BRORS:
You want the Time Lord's TARDIS? But that's impossible. I can't—

(FX: KRO ANGRY GROWL/HISS)

SECOND NUNCIO:
Not impossible. Listen.

(FX: RADIO FLICKED ON; SCREAMS, GUNFIRE. RADIO FLICKED OFF)

BRORS:
Yes, yes. Alright! I'll take you to it. Call them off!

SECOND NUNCIO:
See, blueskin. This how negotiation works.

SCENE 49: INT. CONTROL ROOM

(FX: AMBIENT HUM OF MACHINERY AND CONTROL CONSOLES. DOORS OPEN, 2 x FOOTSTEPS IN)

KREN:
(ENTERING) Hello? Anyone here? Hello? (BEAT) No-one.

NOSTRADAMUS:
(ENTERING) One imagines they've all run away from the monsters. (BEAT) This is the place from which my world is manipulated?

KREN:
The main control room, yes. Now, where's the communications array…?

NOSTRADAMUS:
This machine here, what does it do?

KREN:
(OPERATING CONSOLE CONTROLS) Hmmm? Oh, something to do with the external sensor relays. Best not to touch it.

NOSTRADAMUS:
And this one?

KREN:
(OPERATING CONSOLE CONTROLS) That one monitors the flux in the bio-matter tanks. (FX: BUTTON BLEEPING) Ah, now we're getting somewhere.

NOSTRADAMUS:
The bio-matter. The sea of grey. This is where I was created, from this machine here?

KREN:
(OPERATING CONTROL CONSOLES) Well, it's more complicated than that. Look, it's all rather technical. You wouldn't understand—

NOSTRADAMUS:
So I've been told.

KREN:
(NOT LISTENING) I'm busy here, why don't you take a seat and let me finish?

NOSTRADAMUS:
Have you parchment or quills in your facility?

KREN:
What? Damn. All the outgoing channels are blocked.

NOSTRADAMUS:
Something on which to write?

(FX: BUTTON PRESSING, CONTROLS BEING ACTIVATED)

KREN:
Yes, yes, over there. Try not to touch anything Important.

(FX: NOSTRADAMUS SHUFFLES OFF. CHIRP OF RADIO CHANNEL OPENING)

KREN:
Ha, you missed one, Brors! Too low-frequency for two-way communication. I'll just have to send a message and hope they pick it up…

(FX: MORE BUTTON PRESSING)

NOSTRADAMUS:
(IN BACKGROUND, TO HIMSELF, PEN SCRATCHING ON PAPER) The sea of grey will rise, and be no man's slave again. The ignorant and unjust will perish, and even the traveller will see where his path ends…

SCENE 50: INT. GENERATOR LEVEL

(FX: HUM OF POWERFUL MACHINERY. PING. ELEVATOR DOORS OPEN)

DOCTOR:
(LEAVING ELEVATOR) Now where are we?

GARILUND:
(JOINING HIM) One of the generator levels. It shouldn't be too hard to find a way up to the command levels.

DOCTOR:
Rather large, these generators. What do you think? Forty, fifty storeys high?

GARILUND:
We have to get to the control room, remember?

DOCTOR:
And so many of them. But still not quite enough.

GARILUND:
Doctor, we haven't time for this.

DOCTOR:
Time. Exactly. All this power, but still not enough to generate the energy needed to sustain your bio-matter environment for any amount of time.

GARILUND:
I don't know what you're talking about.

DOCTOR:
Oh, I think you do. How long can the current program running on the planet's surface be maintained? Three days? Four?

GARILUND:
(RELUCTANTLY) Three.

DOCTOR:
Three days. And after that?

GARILUND:
After that, the program ends, and the environment returns to its raw state.

DOCTOR:
So, no matter what we could have done to stop the Kro attack, everyone on the planet above would still die anyway.

GARILUND:
Yes.

DOCTOR:
There must be something I can do.

GARILUND:
There's nothing.

DOCTOR:
If I can get to the generator feeds, I could reformat them into a Zedstein spiral. That would increase the power yield by [at least—]

GARILUND:
It won't work.

DOCTOR:
Or the computer systems that control the program. I could access them, [and—]

GARILUND:
It won't work. None of it will.

DOCTOR:
Why not?

GARILUND:
Because the program is locked into the bio-matter at cellular level. At the end of the cycle, the program ends, and the cells break apart. The process can't be changed.

DOCTOR:
I've been to the beginning of time and the end of the universe. Several times. "Can't be done" is a phrase I have issues with. (WALKS)

GARILUND:
(CALLING AFTER) Where are you going? We can get to the control room this way.

DOCTOR:
(WALKING, CALLING BACK) Yes, but the thing I need is this way.

GARILUND:
(CALLING) What thing?

DOCTOR:
(WALKING, CALLING BACK) My TARDIS. When you have one of them, "can't be done" becomes less of an issue…

GARILUND:
(CALLING AFTER) Doctor! (SIGHS) (FX: FOLLOWS)

SCENE 51: INT. CONTROL ROOM

(FX: CRACKLE OF RECORDED MESSAGE BEING REPLAYED)

KREN'S VOICE:
(RECORDED ON REPLAY) … say again. This is former Facilitator Kren, filing emergency field work request, as per Academy protocol 38547-26, sub-category 923. Assistance and immediate re-evaluation of academic and ethical worth of project required. Kren out.

(FX: REPLAYED MESSAGE ENDS)

KREN:
Okay, Kren. Deep breath… see glittering facilitator career flash before your eyes, and…

(FX: BUTTON PRESSED)

KREN:
There. Communication sent. Major academic scandal imminent. Lifelong professional disgrace beckons. Garilund, I hope you know what we're doing.

NOSTRADAMUS
You have sent a message to others of your kind?

KREN:
I've sent a message to the Science Academy, reporting what's happening. Whether I'll still be "their kind" when all this is over remains to be seen.

NOSTRADAMUS:
You make light of being able to talk across the gulfs between suns.

KREN:
I keep forgetting. All this must be very strange to you.

NOSTRADAMUS:
Not strange. Wondrous. All my life I have been blind, and only now have I been able to truly see.

KREN:
Look, we should probably get going.

NOSTRADAMUS:
I say 'all my life'… and yet it is another man's life, one that I have merely been allowed to dream was mine.

KREN:
I mean, with all these Kro things prowling around…

NOSTRADAMUS:
Do not worry. I know now what I am, and I begin to see why I am here.

KREN:
I'm sorry. I know this must be very confusing for you…

NOSTRADAMUS:
We remain in this place, and await the Lady Garilund. Soon, she will need me again.

KREN:
Need you? For what?

NOSTRADAMUS:
To find what she thinks will prove her right, and her enemies wrong.

KREN:
How do you know all this?

NOSTRADAMUS:
I am a creature created from another man's dreams, but I am still that man. Michel de Nostredame. The seer Nostradamus. And I can still see the future.

SCENE 52: INT. PORT BAY 12

(FX: DOORS OPENING. 3 x KRO FOOTSTEPS, AND BRORS, ENTER)

SECOND NUNCIO:
(STOPPING) Ah! The Time Lord's strange box.

BRORS:
Yes, it landed here when it attempted to take off with one of the bio-units [aboard —]

SECOND NUNCIO:
(TO 2 x KRO) Blast it.

BRORS:
Wait! What are you doing? No!

(FX: 2 X LONG BLASTS OF GUNFIRE. BOTH DIE AWAY. BEAT)

SECOND NUNCIO:
Bring heavier weapons.

BRORS:
That's a Time Lord device. I doubt you have anything that could open it, not without severely damaging a large part of this facility.

SECOND NUNCIO:
Then we take away. Study. Find way into it.

BRORS:
I wouldn't recommend that either.

SECOND NUNCIO:
(SNARLING) Explain.

BRORS:
The Time Lords of Gallifrey have harnessed the power of Black Holes and unlocked the secrets of time. Do you want to imagine what kind of traps they might have created to protect it?

(FX: MENACING KRO HISS)

BRORS:
Wait! The Time Lord it belongs to. He could open it for you.

SECOND NUNCIO:
Doctor of Seventh?

BRORS:
Yes. My guards have been searching for him.

SECOND NUNCIO:
We find him instead.

BRORS:
Yes, take him and his TARDIS, if that's what you want. I can even help you. After that, we can both consider our contract concluded, yes?

SECOND NUNCIO:
Yes. Now you see how to negotiate Kro way.

SCENE 53: INT. CORRIDOR

GARILUND:
(WALKING) Port Bay 12. We're almost there. You really think using your TARDIS will work?

DOCTOR:
(WALKING) Powering the program from my TARDIS, you mean? Long enough to find a better solution.

GARILUND:
(WALKING) I still can't believe it. You can't save everyone. It can't be done!

DOCTOR:
(WALKING) That phrase again.

(FX: COMPORT RADIO CRACKLE. DOCTOR & GARILUND STOP)

BRORS:
(ON RADIO) Garilund? It's Brors. I know you can hear me. I need your help.

GARILUND:
Help? After he tried to kill me?

DOCTOR:
Ssssh. Just listen.

BRORS:
(ON RADIO) It's the Kro – they're threatening to kill everyone and destroy the facility. We can stop them, but only with the Doctor's help. After that, I'll cooperate fully with the Academy. Meet me at Port Bay 12, but hurry!

(FX: RADIO CUTS OUT)

DOCTOR:
Port Bay 12. Well, I was going there anyway.

GARILUND:
It's a trap!

DOCTOR:
Of course it is, but I believe the part about the Kro killing everyone unless I do something. Go, Garilund. Find Michel and your friend. Get the evidence you need. I'll find a way to get you the time you need.

GARILUND:
How? The surface is still crawling with Kro.

DOCTOR:
Oh, I don’t know. Probably by doing one of those “can’t be done” things you keep on telling me can’t be done. (LEAVES)

SCENE 54: INT. PORT BAY 12

SECOND NUNCIO:
Conclave grows impatient.

BRORS:
He'll come. I checked the database – we've got quite a file on him. And if he's at all true to form…

SECOND NUNCIO:
We also know Doctor.

DOCTOR:
(ENTERING) I really don't think that you do.

BRORS:
The Doctor. That's him.

SECOND NUNCIO:
You are Doctor?

DOCTOR:
I am. And you are?

SECOND NUNCIO:
First Nuncio, chosen voice of the Conclave of the Phalanx of Kro.

DOCTOR:
The Conclave? So you Kro have finished killing each other over who's a long-tail or a short-snout? All that kind of nonsense?

SECOND NUNCIO:
Tribal feuds of past abolished. In Conclave, all Kro act as one.

DOCTOR:
I'll bet. You're not the same Nuncio I spoke to before. What happened to him? Probably ate him to get his job, I expect.

SECOND NUNCIO:
(GROWLS) You will give us access to TARDIS and knowledge of the secrets of time.

DOCTOR:
I'm not going to negotiate with some scaly Kro underling. I wish to negotiate with the Conclave directly. I have something of great value to offer.

SECOND NUNCIO:
Explain.

DOCTOR:
Only to the Conclave. Or do you want to explain to them why you ate their prisoner?

SECOND NUNCIO:
(GROWLS) Proposal acceptable. Prepare for porting to Conclave ship.

BRORS:
Wait. What happens to my staff and—

(FX: TELEPORTATION SOUND. SECOND NUNCIO & DOCTOR DISAPPEAR)

BRORS:
— me?

SCENE 55: INT. CONTROL ROOM

(FX: GARILUND'S FOOTSTEPS APPROACHING)

KREN:
(ALARMED) Who's there?

GARILUND:
(ARRIVING) Relax, Kren. It's only me.

KREN:
Garilund! You're alright! Where's the Doctor?

GARILUND:
I wish I knew. He went to see Brors, but—

NOSTRADAMUS:
He has left this place. He is in the lair of the Kro now. We have to leave, Lady Garilund. You still need your 'evidence'.

GARILUND:
For the Academy, yes. Michel, how do you know all this?

KREN:
Don't ask me.

NOSTRADAMUS:
In my home, there are scrolls hidden. All my prophecies. The visions I have been granted.

GARILUND:
That's it. The evidence I need to present to the Academy! Kren…

KREN:
The VIP port bay's close by. I can have the two of you back in the test zone in minutes.

GARILUND:
You're not coming?

KREN:
Someone has to stay here to make sure you don't get stranded again.

GARILUND:
Alright. Michel? Are you ready?

NOSTRADAMUS:
Our destiny awaits. Let us run to it.

(FX: THEY LEAVE)

SCENE 56: INT. KRO FLAGSHIP (CONCLAVE CHAMBER)

(FX: ECHOING HISSING OF MANY KRO GATHERED IN LARGE CHAMBER)

SECOND NUNCIO:
(CALLING) Conclave Leader, we bring Doctor of Seventh.

CONCLAVE LEADER:
Bring him forward.

(FX: SCUFFLE OF DOCTOR BEING DRAGGED FORWARD)

DOCTOR:
I came here to negotiate, not be pushed around.

CONCLAVE LEADER:
Doctor is declared enemy of the Phalanx of Kro. You have been sentenced by this Conclave of 82nd generation for actions against 40th Generation.

DOCTOR:
Did I miss the trial?

CONCLAVE LEADER:
No trial for enemies of Kro. Doctor of Seventh shall surrender TARDIS vessel… and brain meat.

DOCTOR:
You know, I don't remember being an enemy of the Kro.

CONCLAVE LEADER:
Our Archive remembers your actions caused destruction of—

DOCTOR:
(INTERRUPTING) I've had enough of hearing about my future today. But tell me, which of you will have the honour of possessing both my brain and my TARDIS?

CONCLAVE LEADER:
This one. Speaker of House of Conclave.

DOCTOR:
You? With a TARDIS and the knowledge of a Time Lord, that would make you very powerful. I wonder what the rest of this Conclave of equals thinks about that?

(FX: GROWLS/HISSES OF DISSENT)

DOCTOR:
It's certainly an ambitious plan, Your Majesty. Oh, sorry — I hope you don't mind me using your new title so soon?

(FX: LOUDER SOUNDS OF DISSENT)

CONCLAVE LEADER:
Silence in Conclave!

DOCTOR:
Starting to sound quite regal already, aren't you?

CONCLAVE LEADER:
Doctor of Seventh—

DOCTOR:
… has a proposition of his own, perhaps one more acceptable to the rest of this house. Do you want to hear it?

(FX: CHORUS OF QUIETER HISSING)

CONCLAVE LEADER:
(GRUDGINGLY) Conclave… wishes.

DOCTOR:
Using the Poldagons' science, there's no telling what the Kro could achieve, together and united.

CONCLAVE LEADER:
Explain.

DOCTOR:
Let me return to the facility. You leave everyone on the planet's surface unharmed, and I'll show you how to make the Kro the most feared and dominant military power in the galaxy. What do you say?

END OF PART THREE

PART FOUR

REPRISE:

DOCTOR:
Using the Poldagons' science, there's no telling what the Kro could achieve, together and united.

CONCLAVE LEADER:
Explain.

DOCTOR:
Let me return to the facility. You leave everyone on the planet's surface unharmed, and I'll show you how to make the Kro the most feared and dominant military power in the galaxy. What do you say?

(SCENE CONTINUES:)

SCENE 57: INT. KRO FLAGSHIP (CONCLAVE CHAMBER) [CONTINUOUS]

CONCLAVE LEADER:
Doctor seeks to escape, takes Kro for fools.

DOCTOR:
Think about it. Even if you can process my 'brain-meat memories', it won't get you what I can give you now, alive.

CONCLAVE LEADER:
Phalanx of Kro already great military power. Four hundred thousand spears in twenty hundred warships. We built great army over eighty-two generations.

DOCTOR:
And by using that facility I can give you millions of spears and tens of thousands of warships. In days, not generations. You'd be the greatest ruler the history of your race.

(FX: CHORUS OF ANGRY GROWLS)

SECOND NUNCIO:
No short-tail can rule Kro. Long-snouts not accept inferior breed rule!

SHORT-TAIL KRO:
Long-snout coward! Spine-backs not forgotten betrayal in War of Second Moon!

(FX: CHORUS OF ROARING — KRO VS KRO)

CONCLAVE LEADER:
(ROARING) Silence in Conclave!

(FX: CONCLAVE QUIETS TO A LOW SIMMERING OF ANGRY HISSING)

CONCLAVE LEADER:
Doctor of Seventh. Conclave now retire to vote on your proposal.

SCENE 58: EXT. FLORENCE (RUINS)

(FX: CRACKLING OF FLAMES, DISTANT MOANS AND CRIES OF THE INJURED. BUZZING OF TELEPORT — NOSTRADAMUS AND GARILUND APPEAR)

GARILUND:
We're back in Florence.

NOSTRADAMUS:
Or the place that thought it was Florence. This 'porting', as you call it — your world has such wonders. (BEAT) But my world…

GARILUND:
Michel, I'm so sorry.

NOSTRADAMUS:
… my world is dying. All it awaits is the executioner's final blow.

GARILUND:
Where are we? There's no landmarks left. Let me try to get a fix on our position.

(FX: COMPORT BUTTON PRESSING)

NOSTRADAMUS:
We're near the piazza, not far from my home.

GARILUND:
You're sure?

NOSTRADAMUS:
I used to walk through here every day. (MOVING AWAY)

GARILUND:
Wait! We need to be careful. The Kro…

NOSTRADAMUS:
… will soon not be a problem. The Doctor finds a way. Now, I wish to go home, for the final time.

SCENE 59: INT. CONTROL ROOM

(FX: CONSOLES ETC)

COMPUTER VOICE:
Incoming communication from the Kro flagship.

BRORS:
Put them through.

(FX: RADIO HISS, BACKGROUND REPTILIAN BABBLE OF CONCLAVE)

BRORS:
This is Administrator Brors. If you have finished with the Time Lord, I assume our business is concluded?

DOCTOR:
(D) Not exactly.

BRORS:
Doctor!

DOCTOR:
(D) Yes. I know that talking with the Kro can get fraught, so I'm leading the negotiations.

BRORS:
Negotiations? For what?

DOCTOR:
(D) Well, not so much a negotiation, as a hostile takeover. You're out of a job.

BRORS:
What?! You can't.

DOCTOR:
(D) You've already seen what a Kro 'negotiation team' is capable of. What do you think a war party can do, if they send one to persuade you?

BRORS:
Persuade me to do what?

(FX: CROSS DIRECTLY TO:)

SCENE 60: INT. KRO FLAGSHIP (CONCLAVE CHAMBER) [CONTINUOUS]

DOCTOR:
(INTO RADIO) To help me use your facility to replicate bio-matter warriors for a new Kro super-army that can conquer the galaxy.

BRORS:
(D) Are you mad?

DOCTOR:
(INTO RADIO) Oh, and to prepare for this, all the Kro soldiers currently on the planet's surface will be moved into your facility. That's all for now.

BRORS:
(D) You are mad! You'll kill us all!

DOCTOR:
(INTO RADIO) I'm trying to save more lives than you can possibly imagine, including yours. I suggest you co-operate. Doctor out.

(FX: RADIO CUTS OFF)

SCENE 61: EXT. FLORENCE (RUINS)

(FX: APPROACHING FROM OFF – MARCHING OF KRO FEET. SNARLS AND GROWLS)

GARILUND:
Kro! Take cover, Michel!

NOSTRADAMUS:
Yes, but look, my Lady. Look at the skies.

(FX: RUMBLE OF KRO SHIP ENGINES BUILDS THEN FADES)

GARILUND:
They're leaving! They're all leaving! You were right. The Doctor did it.

NOSTRADAMUS:
It makes no difference.

GARILUND:
It makes all the difference. Now we can get the evidence the Academy needs. And the Doctor is dealing with the Kro, just like he said.

NOSTRADAMUS:
A stay of execution, not a reprieve.

GARILUND:
Which is better than nothing! Now – which way to your house?

SCENE 62: INT. KRO FLAGSHIP (CONCLAVE CHAMBER)

DOCTOR:
Shall we be off, then?

CONCLAVE LEADER:
First Spear Nuncio. Conclave entrusts you to oversee Doctor of Seventh's plan.

SECOND NUNCIO:
Understood.

CONCLAVE LEADER:
If Time Lord betrays us, Nuncio will return with his head. Time Lord brain-meat still valuable.

DOCTOR:
Charming.

SECOND NUNCIO:
Understood. Speaker, this one troubled. Conclave—

CONCLAVE LEADER:
Conclave speaks through me. Nuncio will obey. (LEAVES)

DOCTOR:
Sounds more regal all the time, don't you think? What is he? A short-tail? And you're… what? A long-snout? You enjoy taking his orders?

SECOND NUNCIO:
(GROWLING) Conclave has commanded. Doctor of Seventh will obey.

DOCTOR:
I see. Then you better let me do what I need to. I'll be in control of the facility.

SECOND NUNCIO:
Kro are in control.

DOCTOR:
So you know how to adapt a planet-sized facility into a device capable of replicating millions of Kro soldiers, do you? (BEAT) Didn't think so. I need to get back there, and straight to the control room.

SECOND NUNCIO:
(GROWLS, CALLS OUT) Prepare teleporter.

DOCTOR:
You'll need to get sufficient numbers of troops gathered aboard the facility so we can start the replication process. How quickly can that be done?

SECOND NUNCIO:
Doctor of Seventh underestimates Phalanx of Kro. (CALLS OUT) Activate teleport to blueskins' facility.

(FX: TELEPORT BUZZ, THEN FADE DOWN. CROSS IMMEDIATELY TO:)

SCENE 63: INT. PORT BAY 12 [CONTINUOUS]

(FX: ECHOING DIN OF THOUSANDS OF KRO GATHERED IN THE PORT BAY. TELEPORT BUZZ AS DOCTOR & NUNCIO MATERIALISE)

SECOND NUNCIO:
We have arrived. Kro are gathered.

DOCTOR:
So I see. And in their thousands.

SCENE 64: EXT. FLORENCE RUINS — BY NOSTRADAMUS' HOUSE

SURVIVORS:
Nostradamus!/ Nostradamus has returned!/ Seer, help us!

GARILUND:
(APPROACHING) Michel, who are those people?

NOSTRADAMUS:
Survivors. Frightened, not knowing what is still to come.

GARILUND:
So many. But why have they gathered here, by your house?

MILO:
(OFF, SHOUTING WEAKLY) Master? Master Nostradamus!

NOSTRADAMUS:
Milo? Oh, Milo, it is good to see you!

GARILUND:
Michel, wait! I've not got my Hologuise.

NOSTRADAMUS:
Take a look around you, my lady. After everything these people have lived through today, what difference one more strangeness?

MILO:
(COMING OVER) Master. I tried to find you, but those creatures were everywhere. I thought you were dead.

NOSTRADAMUS:
I'm sorry I wasn't here, old friend.

MILO:
What has happened? Where did those things come from? (WHISPERS) And why is the Lady Garilund blue?

GARILUND:
Michel, we need those prophecies of yours.

NOSTRADAMUS:
You've spied on me enough. You know where they are hidden.

GARILUND:
Fine, but we need to leave as soon as I'm done.

SCENE 65: INT. CONTROL ROOM

(FX: CONTROL ROOM AMBIENT SOUNDS, DOOR OPENS)

DOCTOR:
(ENTERING) Ah, the former Chief Administrator. Still hiding in his control room even when he has no control.

(FX: DOOR SLIDES SHUT)

BRORS:
This facility is overrun with Kro, Doctor. Did you think through the consequences when you decided to save yourself by helping them?

DOCTOR:
Did you, when you tried to save yourself by making a gift of me to the Kro?

BRORS:
You've put me, and my staff –

DOCTOR:
What's left of your staff. Some have already died, remember, because you would do business with the likes of the Kro.

BRORS:
I demand an explanation!

DOCTOR:
An explanation? I wonder what the people you create and kill at whim would demand.

BRORS:
They are artificial lifeforms. They don't even know what's happening.

DOCTOR:
Then you can explain that to your colleagues from the Science Academy when they arrive.

BRORS:
What?

DOCTOR:
I'm sure they'll be interested to see the proof Garilund has of what your creations are capable of. They'll shut you down.

BRORS:
They need us, the money we generate for Poldagon science. It'll never happen.

DOCTOR:
I'll tell you what's going to happen. Not one more soul on the planet's surface will die by your hand. And they are going to be kept alive. Indefinitely.

BRORS:
Impossible. There's not enough power to sustain the program.

DOCTOR:
There is, via my TARDIS. One last chance, Administrator: will you help me?

BRORS:
Absolutely not.

DOCTOR:
Then I can't risk you trying to stop me. (FX: OPERATING CONSOLE: BLEEPS ETC)

BRORS:
What are you doing? Get away from that console!

DOCTOR:
(OPERATING CONSOLE) I'm revoking your authorization, Brors.

BRORS:
Don't be ridiculous. This is my facility!

(FX: SONIC SCREWDRIVER)

DOCTOR:
Is it?

COMPUTER VOICE:
Command functions accessed. Chief Administrator authorisation required.

BRORS:
See, Doctor. I'm still in charge. (INTO AIR) Control?

COMPUTER VOICE:
Voice pattern not recognised.

DOCTOR:
Chief Administrator Doctor requests authorisation.

COMPUTER VOICE:
Chief Administrator Doctor authorisation established.

BRORS:
But — but you can't!

DOCTOR:
(WALKING TO DOORS) I just did.

(FX: DOOR SLIDES OPEN. SONIC SCREWDRIVER)

DOCTOR:
Oh, and – the doors won't work for you now, so don't try to leave.

BRORS:
Do you really think the Kro are just going to let you take your TARDIS back? You can't do this alone, Doctor.

DOCTOR:
That's why I'll be taking your ComPort, too.

(FX: DOOR CLOSES)

SCENE 66: INT. KRO FLAGSHIP (CONCLAVE CHAMBER)

(FX: CHORUS OF ROARING – KRO VS KRO)

CONCLAVE LEADER:
Dissent will cease! Conclave must now agree what to do with Time Lord brain-meat and TARDIS, after he has served purpose.

LONG-SNOUT KRO:
Short-tail liar! Have already decided to take them for yourself!

CONCLAVE LEADER:
Silence in Conclave! Speak when permitted!

LONG-SNOUT KRO:
When short-tail allows, you mean?

(FX: CHORUS OF ANGRY HISSING, GROWING)

CONCLAVE LEADER:
(SHOUTS) Conclave will be silent, or be made silent!

LONG-SNOUT KRO:
It short-tail plot! Short-tails try to overthrow Conclave!

(FX: ROARS, HISSES. SOUNDS OF KRO ATTACKING KRO. VIOLENT CHAOS)

SCENE 67: INT. NOSTRADAMUS' STUDY

(FX: RUSTLING OF PAPERS – SCROLL UNFURLED)

NOSTRADAMUS:
This is everything you require, my Lady?

GARILUND:
(STARTS) Yes, it's all the proof I need. If you could just hold the corner, while I make a scan?

(FX: BUZZING – MAKING 3D SCAN)

NOSTRADAMUS:
This wand of yours. It creates a likeness of my work?

GARILUND:
In three dimensions, yes. (FX: END BUZZING) Your prophecies aren't just about Earth. Things I see here actually happened.

NOSTRADAMUS:
Yes. I understand that now. (FX: SHUFFLE OF PAPER) You must be sure you take this one with you.

GARILUND:
(READS) 'The Traveller will see the end of his path…'? What is this? Is this about the Doctor? When will this happen?

NOSTRADAMUS:
When is hard to see. His life is not governed by time; it is much the other way around. His fate perhaps can be changed, he has a choice. Not like this world.

GARILUND:
The Doctor can save your world, Michel. I'm sure he can.

NOSTRADAMUS:
No, you're not. Why is it, my Lady, that you wish to capture the likeness of my prophecies in your ComPort, rather than simply take the scrolls?

GARILUND:
Michel…

NOSTRADAMUS:
It is because the scrolls are made of the same matter as I, and they too will cease to exist when this world ends. You make a record now, because I and they will soon be gone.

GARILUND:
We'll find a way to keep you alive. We can capture your molecular data and recreate you, if need be.

NOSTRADAMUS:
Is that all I am? Something to be copied and remade?

GARILUND:
I'm trying to keep you alive!

NOSTRADAMUS:
That prophecy, the Doomsday Quatrain you asked me about in the square — I was in it, watching it happen. It's not about the end of this world. It's about me, my fate.

GARILUND:
You just said the Doctor's fate can be changed!

NOSTRADAMUS:
Ah, but Fate is determined as much by our choices as our circumstances. I've made my choice, my Lady.

SCENE 68: INT. PORT BAY 12

KRO GUARD:
(ARRIVING) Great Nuncio. Great Nuncio! News from Conclave. Long-snouts rise up against short-tails. Leader is dead.

SECOND NUNCIO:
Hmm. You are short-tail.

KRO GUARD:
But loyal to Conclave. Loyal to cause of Phalanx of Kro.

SECOND NUNCIO:
Yes…

(FX: SINGLE WEAPONS BLAST, SOUND OF KRO BODY FALLING)

SECOND NUNCIO:
… but still a short-tail. (SHOUTING TO OTHER KRO TROOPS) Crush rebellion. Kill all short-tails! Kill all allies of short-tails!

(FX: KRO ROARS OF EXCITEMENT. CROSS TO CLOSE BY:)

KREN:
(WHISPERING TO SELF) Don't see me. Don't see me. Please don't see me…

(FX: COMPORT BLEEP. RADIO HISS)

DOCTOR:
(D) Facilitator Kren? Are you receiving me?

KREN:
(SOTTO) Who's this?

DOCTOR:
(D) This is the Doctor. What's that racket?

KREN:
(SOTTO) The Kro, they're fighting among themselves. Something to do with short-snouts and long-tails. Not sure which one I am.

DOCTOR:
(D) I'm sorry-?

KREN:
(SOTTO) I borrowed Garilund's Hologuise, so I could hide out as a Kro. Only I ended up being dispatched to Part Bay 12.

DOCTOR:
(D) Port Bay 12? Can you see a sort of tall dark box?

KREN:
(SOTTO) Yes, I see it. It's in the middle of lots of Kro. Is that your vessel? Your TARDIS?

DOCTOR:
(D) Yes. I'll need to create some sort of diversion, to get through to you. Where are the control panels for the lights?

KREN:
(SOTTO) I'm a facilitator. I pay for the lights, I don't fix them.

DOCTOR:
(D) Just — stay where you are, Kren. Call me when the lights go out.

(FX: RADIO STATIC. CROSS BACK TO:)

SECOND NUNCIO:
Guards! Follow me. We search blueskins' facility, find Doctor of Seventh. First Spear Nuncio want his head!

SCENE 69: EXT. FLORENCE RUINS – BY NOSTRADAMUS' HOUSE

GARILUND:
(FX: FOLLOWING NOSTRADAMUS INTO STREET) Michel, because you saw something in a vision doesn't mean you have to blindly obey it!

NOSTRADAMUS:
(STOPS) You do not see it, my Lady. I have a purpose now.

GARILUND:
Yes. To help me prevent this tragedy happening over and over again!

MILO:
(APPROACHING) Master? Are you leaving us now?

NOSTRADAMUS:
No, friend Milo. My place is here. (TO GARILUND) Farewell, my Lady.

(FX: DEEP RUMBLE OFF)

MILO:
Master? What's happening? Why does the ground shake?

GARILUND:
The surface is starting to return to its liquid form. I'm sorry, Michel – I'm taking you with me.

(FX: COMPORT BUTTONS, ELECTRONIC BLEEPS OF FAILURE)

NOSTRADAMUS:
It seems not, my Lady.

GARILUND:
It's not working! Kren. What's happened to Kren?

SCENE 70: INT. CONTROL ROOM

COMPUTER VOICE:
Alert. Test zone integrity failing. Remaining personnel must leave surface immediately.

BRORS:
There are no remaining personnel, you stupid machine. Unless… Garilund, of course. Open these doors!

COMPUTER VOICE:
Voice authority not recognised.

BRORS:
I can't stay stuck here forever!

(FX: DOOR OPENS. HEAVY KRO STEPS ENTER)

SECOND NUNCIO:
Blueskin Brors. Where is Doctor of Seventh?

BRORS:
Oh, the honoured Nuncio. What have you done to my facility?

SECOND NUNCIO:
(GROWLS) Not your facility. Property of Kro. Spoils of long-snout victory, when all blueskins and short-tail traitors dead. (BEAT) Tell me where Doctor is, maybe you live.

BRORS:
No. It's my turn to negotiate. I'll tell you where the Doctor went, if you release me to find former Second Researcher Garilund. I have my own traitor to kill.

(BEAT)

SECOND NUNCIO:
Terms are acceptable. All traitors die today.

SCENE 71: INT. CORRIDOR

DOCTOR:
(TO SELF, WALKING QUICKLY) Follow the conduit, and… (STOPPING) Yes, this is it. Port Bay 12, lighting circuit. Let's take a look, shall we?

(FX: BURST OF SONIC SCREWDRIVER)

(FX: SUDDENLY, BLAST FROM KRO WEAPON OFF)

DOCTOR:
(DODGING BLAST) Aaah! Mind where you're blasting!

LONG-SNOUT KRO:
(STOMPING UP) Doctor of Seventh. You come with me.

DOCTOR:
You don't understand, soldier. I'm working under direct orders from the Kro Command Conclave.

LONG-SNOUT KRO:
(GROWLS) Conclave no more, Doctor of Seventh. Time for superior breed to claim prize.

DOCTOR:
Oh? What prize would that be?

LONG-SNOUT KRO:
Your head. (ROARS)

DOCTOR:
Yes, I thought you might say that.

(FX: BLAST FROM ANOTHER KRO WEAPON, OFF)

KREN:
(APPROACHING, IMPERSONATING KRO VOICE) Leave prisoner!

LONG-SNOUT KRO:
(GROWLS) Doctor head goes to Nuncio. It was commanded.

KREN:
(IN KRO VOICE) Command changed. Prisoner goes to warship. I accompany him.

DOCTOR:
Good idea.

LONG-SNOUT KRO:
His head goes with me! (FX: 4 x KRO FOOTSTEPS APPROACHING) More Kro coming. We fix this now.

KREN:
(KRO VOICE, SHOUTING) You mean to take Doctor head to short-tail allies. This one is traitor!

LONG-SNOUT KRO:
What? This one not traitor!

KREN:
(KRO VOICE, SHOUTING) Look! Look! This one is short-tail traitor! Get traitor! Kill traitor!

(FX: ANGRY KRO ROARS)

LONG-SNOUT KRO:
No! I am faithful to long-snouts!

DOCTOR:
I don't think they're in the mood to listen, soldier. I'd run for it if I were you.

LONG-SNOUT KRO:
(SQUEALS AND RUNS)

(FX: 4 x KRO PURSUE HIM)

KREN:
(IN KRO VOICE, CALLING AFTER) That's right! Chase him! Chase traitor!

DOCTOR:
Nice work with the hologuise, Kren.

KREN:
How did you know it was me?

DOCTOR:
Time Lord. I always know.

KREN:
I'm just glad I didn't end up as a short-tail.

(FX: BURST OF SONIC SCREWDRIVER)

DOCTOR:
There, that's the lights fixed. To the TARDIS. Come on.

(FX: THEY MOVE OFF)

SCENE 72: EXT. FLORENCE RUINS — BY NOSTRADAMUS' HOUSE

(FX: RUMBLING GROWING LOUD)

NOSTRADAMUS:
(TO SELF) It comes now. The grey tide is rising.

MILO:
(APPROACHING FROM OFF) Master! Master, the ground is breaking up. We have to run!

GARILUND:
Milo, look out! Beneath your feet!

(FX: GROUND TEARS ASUNDER)

MILO:
(FALLING INTO CRACK) Masterrrrr-!!!

GARILUND:
Milo! (BEAT) He's gone. Michel, I'm sorry.

NOSTRADAMUS:
He was a good man. Came with me from France. Not that any of that past life happened, of course. He's only been alive for three days. I barely knew him at all.

(FX: MORE RUMBLING)

GARILUND:
We have to get to more stable ground. Come on!

SCENE 73: INT. TARDIS CONTROL ROOM

(FX: DOORS OPENING. DOCTOR STRIDES IN)

KREN:
(FOLLOWING) This is it? Your TARDIS. It's incredible!

DOCTOR:
(AT CONSOLE) Home sweet home. Now — (FX: DOOR CLOSES BEHIND) … let's get started.

KREN:
What are you doing?

(FX: LEVERS, BUTTONS. ELECTRIC SPARK)

DOCTOR:
I need to link the TARDIS to the facility's power grid.

KREN:
Doctor, we need to get to the surface. We have to rescue Garilund!

DOCTOR:
If we leave, I can't save the surface. Now, if I extend the protective field and introduce a Non-Collapsing Polidori Loop into the mix…

(FX: EXPLOSIONS OFF. TARDIS SHAKES)

KREN:
What was that?

DOCTOR:
Kro. Don't they ever get bored of trying to break things?

(FX: CROSS DIRECTLY TO:)

SCENE 74: INT. PORT BAY 12

SECOND NUNCIO:
Doctor must not escape Kro! Fire cannon again!

(FX: MASSIVE KRO WEAPON BLASTS FIRES. CROSS DIRECTLY BACK TO:)

SCENE 75: INT. TARDIS CONTROL ROOM

(FX: TARDIS SHAKEN BY BLASTS)

KREN:
Can your TARDIS hold out against this?

(FX: ANOTHER BLAST)

DOCTOR:
Probably. But I can't secure the power feed with all this going on. And we're running out of time.

KREN:
Doctor, if you can't save everyone, save someone! Save Garilund! Please!!!

(FX: CUT BACK TO:)

SCENE 76: INT. PORT BAY 12

(FX: TARDIS DEMATERIALISES)

SECOND NUNCIO:
(ROARS WITH RAGE) TARDIS gone! Bahhh!

BRORS:
(APPROACHING FROM OFF) Yes. Now no-one gets the TARDIS. No-one gets the Time Lord brain-meat. And whose fault is that, hm?

SECOND NUNCIO:
Blueskin Brors. You promised us Doctor! You die now!

BRORS:
I wasn't asking *you* whose fault it was the Kro have lost everything. I was addressing *them*.

(FX: CHORUS OF MENACING KRO GROWLS, SURROUNDING NUNCIO)

SECOND NUNCIO:
This one First Spear Nuncio! Get back, you traitors! Get back, this one says!

(FX: HORDES OF KRO POUNCE ON NUNCIO, TEARING HIM APART)

SECOND NUNCIO:
(SCREAMS)

SCENE 77: EXT. FLORENCE RUINS — BY NOSTRADAMUS' HOUSE

(FX: MORE RUMBLING, THE WORLD DISSOLVING. TARDIS MATERIALISES. BEAT. DOOR OPENS)

KREN:
(SHOUTS) Garilund? Nostradamus?

NOSTRADAMUS:
(CALLING) Master Kren! Over here.

KREN:
(STUMBLING TOWARDS HIM) Michel. Are you alright?

NOSTRADAMUS:
I am well. All is well.

(FX: RUMBLING OFF)

KREN:
I'm not so sure about that. Where's Garilund? (A HORRIBLE THOUGHT) She's not…? She can't be…?

NOSTRADAMUS:
She is unharmed. She is gathering survivors on the higher ground yonder.

KREN:
Typical. Don't worry, I'll fetch her. Go, into the Doctor's TARDIS. You'll be safe there.

NOSTRADAMUS:
Thank you, Kren…

(FX: KREN RUNNING, DISTANT RUMBLING)

KREN:
(OFF) Garilund? Garilund!

NOSTRADAMUS:
(UNHEARD BY KREN) You and the Lady Garilund will make a fine match together.

(FX: WALKS THROUGH INTO:)

SCENE 78: INT. TARDIS CONTROL ROOM

DOCTOR:
(BESIDE CONSOLE) Ah, Michel. There you are.

NOSTRADAMUS:
Master Kren has gone to fetch the Lady Garilund. He will not be long.

DOCTOR:
Good, good. You know, I just realised something. When I first arrived here, the TARDIS insisted I was on the planet Celdor.

NOSTRADAMUS:
And…?

DOCTOR:
Well, it must have been because I've been here before, when the test zone was set to Celdor. Obvious, really.

NOSTRADAMUS:
If you say so, Doctor.

DOCTOR:
I can't save your Earth, Michel. I'm sorry.

NOSTRADAMUS:
You were never meant to. But the real Earth still endures, somewhere in space?

DOCTOR:
Very much so. I've visited just about every significant moment in its existence. (BEAT) You know, I wouldn't normally do this, but in the circumstances… would you like to know how the world *really* ends?

NOSTRADAMUS:
No. Tell me about its future greatness, not its ending. Was I right, Doctor? Were any of my prophecies correct?

DOCTOR:
My dear Michel. Where on Earth do I begin?

SCENE 79: EXT. FLORENCE RUINS – HIGHER GROUND

(FX: MORE TREMORS. A FEW SURVIVORS CRY OUT IN ALARM, SLIGHTLY OFF)

GARILUND:
(CALLING TO SURVIVORS) It's alright. The higher you are, the safer you are. Come to me. There's still a chance the Doctor can save us!

(FX: MASSIVE SHUDDERING TREMORS. THE FEW SURVIVORS FALL, LIKE MILO DID)

SURVIVORS:
Aaaaaaaah–!!!

GARILUND:
No!!! I could have saved you! The Doctor could have saved you!

KREN:
(APPROACHING FROM OFF) Garilund! Garilund, come away from the edge!

GARILUND:
(TO SELF) Kren…? (TURNING) Kren, what are you doing here?

KREN:
I came to rescue you. Again. Come on, we have to get to the TARDIS. Michel's there.

GARILUND:
But the Doctor, he was going to stop the world from failing. He had a way. It could be done!

KREN:
It couldn't. There wasn't time. (FX: TELEPORT BUZZ IN B/G) The Kro prevented him –

BRORS:
(TELEPORTING IN) It wasn't the Kro that did the damage.

KREN:
Brors! How did you –

BRORS:
It was you, Garilund. You and your "theories".

KREN:
Garilund! Look out! He's armed!

(FX: KRO WEAPON FIRING)

GARILUND:
(CRIES OUT AS LASER BOLT FIZZES PAST)

KREN:
You're alright. Come on, run!

(FX: RUNNING FOOTSTEPS)

BRORS:
(RUNNING AFTER THEM) I'm a senior member of the Science Academy! You two, you're nobodies. You think they'll believe you over me?

(FX: FIRES WEAPON AGAIN. CROSS TO:)

SCENE 80: INT. TARDIS CONTROL ROOM

(FX: OVER SCANNER. SOUNDS OF BRORS CHASING GARILUND AND KREN, FIRING GUN)

NOSTRADAMUS:
Doctor! Kren, and the Lady Garilund!

DOCTOR:
Yes, and they seem to have company. (FX: ACTIVATES DOOR CONTROLS)

GARILUND:
(RUSHING IN FROM OUTSIDE) It's Brors!

KREN:
(DITTO) He's right behind (HIT BY BLAST FROM BRORS'S GUN) uuuu—!!!

(FX: FALLS TO FLOOR)

GARILUND:
Kren! Kren!!!

KREN
(WEAKLY) I'm fine. He was aiming at you. I just… (FAINTS)

NOSTRADAMUS:
(ALMOST TO SELF) Do not fear, my Lady. Life will return. The grey tide rises, then recedes… (QUIETLY SLIPS OUT, UNNOTICED)

GARILUND:
Doctor, help him!

DOCTOR:
(COMING OVER) Let me see. (BEAT) Just a flesh wound, I think. Hard to tell through all this blue.

GARILUND:
Don't you have a medical kit, or something?

DOCTOR:
(CROSSING TO CONSOLE) First things first. Doors. (FX: DOORS CLOSE) Now – let's get out of here before the entire surface collapses into goo.

(FX: BEGINS TARDIS DEMATERIALISATION – WHICH CONTINUES THROUGH:)

KREN:
(GROANS)

GARILUND:
It’s alright, Kren. You’re going to be alright.

DOCTOR:
(RETURNING TO KREN’S SIDE) Michel, can you help me lift him? (BEAT) Michel…?

GARILUND:
Where is he?

(FX: CROSS TO:)

SCENE 81: EXT. DISINTEGRATING FLORENCE

(FX: THE CLOSING SHUDDERS OF TARDIS DEMATERIALISATION. THE GROUND CONTINUES TO TREMBLE, TO SHAKE, THROUGH:)

BRORS:
(RUSHING UP) No! Don't leave me here! No!!!

NOSTRADAMUS:
It is too late, Administrator. You will never leave.

BRORS:
You! The bio-unit that started all this! (RAISING GUN) I'll hear no more of your false prophecies, "seer"…!

NOSTRADAMUS:
Your weapon no longer works.

(FX: WEAPON CLICKS – EMPTY)

BRORS:
How – how did you know-?

NOSTRADAMUS:
The number on the side says zero.

BRORS:
Out of charge. (TOSSES GUN ASIDE) Bah!!!

NOSTRADAMUS:
But then, that is not how it ends.

BRORS:
What? What do you mean?

NOSTRADAMUS:
I have seen how it ends, Administrator.

BRORS:
You mean – there's a way back? The Doctor… comes back?

NOSTRADAMUS:
I mean: "Doomsday has come." The end of the world… is now.

BRORS:
What? No! Nooooooooooooooooo-!!!

(FX: WHEREUPON THE ENTIRE WORLD COLLAPSES INTO A BROILING SEA OF GOO. LONG FADE OUT)

SCENE 82: INT. CONTROL ROOM (LATER)

(FX: FADE UP. TARDIS MATERIALISES. DOOR OPENS)

DOCTOR:
(STEPPING OUT) Here we are.

GARILUND:
(DITTO, SUPPORTING KREN) Back in the Control Room.

KREN
(WEAK) Any sign of the Kro?

COMPUTER VOICE:
All client life signs… extinguished.

DOCTOR:
I assume, once they'd run out of short-tails to eat, the long-snouts turned on each other. So the cycle goes.

GARILUND:
But life will return. "The grey tide rises, then recedes…"

KREN:
What?

GARILUND:
Something Michel said. Just before he…

KREN:
Yes, but what does it mean?

DOCTOR:
I think I know. Control, is surface analysis functioning?

COMPUTER VOICE:
Analysis available for 15% of surface.

DOCTOR:
Report bio-matter behaviour.

COMPUTER VOICE:
Bio-matter unstable in point zero zero zero zero four percent of mass.

GARILUND:
Define "unstable"?

COMPUTER VOICE:
Matter acting independent of system. State is in flux.

DOCTOR:
It’s evolving.

KREN:
What?

GARILUND:
You mean…?

DOCTOR:
It’s not dead. It’s just coming to life.

GARILUND:
Like a primordial soup.

DOCTOR:
It’s imitated the structure of countless worlds. Now it’s about to make itself into something entirely different.

GARILUND:
Michel was right. This wasn’t the end. Just a new beginning.

DOCTOR:
More than that. I rather think, Michel ***was*** that new beginning. A sign of it, at least.

GARILUND:
It’ll need proper research. A chance to study a new planet. A new form of life.

KREN:
That should appeal to the Academy.

GARILUND:
A new world.

DOCTOR:
Then it’ll need a new name.

KREN:
How about ‘Garilund’?

GARILUND:
No thanks.

KREN:
You should at least get a continent named after you.

GARILUND:
Khren. Would you like to have dinner with me sometime?

SCENE 83: INT. TARDIS CONTROL ROOM (LATER)

(FX: FADE UP. BLEEPING OF BUTTONS, LEVERS)

DOCTOR:
(TO SELF) There. Planet co-ordinates programmed in. It's not Celdor, anymore… 'Prophecy'. I think Michel would have liked that.

(FX: KNOCKING ON TARDIS DOOR)

GARILUND:
(OFF) Doctor! Before you go…?

(FX: DOOR CONTROL. GARILUND WALKS IN)

DOCTOR:
Chief Administrator Garilund, yes. I thought we'd already said our goodbyes.

GARILUND:
(BREATHLESS) I almost forgot, Michel wanted me to give you something. (FX: UNFOLDING WET FURL OF PAPER) The paper's run a bit, I'm afraid. But you can still make out the words, just about.

DOCTOR:
(TAKING WET PAPER) What is it? A prophecy?

GARILUND:
It's about you, Doctor. He said you could change it, that you had a choice.

(FX: UNFOLDING PAPER. BEAT AS DOCTOR READS)

DOCTOR:
(BEAT AS HE READS) Ah. Well… that can't be good. (FX: REFURLS SCROLL)

GARILUND:
What does it mean, Doctor?

DOCTOR:
That's what I'm going to find out.

THE END